

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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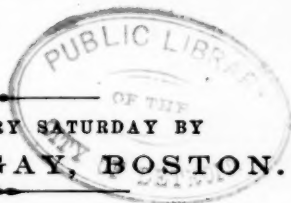
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CORRESPONDENCE.

IN beginning another year we break a long silence, thanking our old and steadfast subscribers, and heartily welcoming the new families which invite our weekly visits. Gratefully remembering Judge Story's wish a quarter of a century ago that the public favor might be given long enough to enable the work to do good service to its readers, we venture to hope that the abundant opportunity has not been lost.

The first article of 1870, *University Education in Germany*, was recommended to us by —(we may say to avoid personality)—an American University. It will probably attract the attention of every learned or scientific body in this country. One part of the German system—the Private Teachers—reminds us of a *Privat Dozent* who ought to have been in the University of Pennsylvania:

Dr. John D. Godman when a young lad, tried the experiment of going to sea, before the mast. One windy day he was helping to take in sail, when the rope on which he stood slipped from under his straggling feet, and he clung to the boom or spar, while looking down for it. Frightened and giddy he was about to fall, when the trumpet voice of the mate on deck thundered out to him, with an imprecation—*Look aloft!* He obeyed, the rope fell to its place under his feet, and he was saved. When he got upon land again he carried with him the mate's words as the motto for his life-conduct. While studying for his profession, he determined that as its end he would be Professor of Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania. When he thought himself competent, he collected a class of the medical students whose zeal was sufficient for this overwork, and gave instruction in dissection, lecturing with the subject before him. As his class grew to 70 we hoped that it would yield him a good income, but he said that the price of his tickets,—ten dollars—barely sufficed to pay for the subjects and other expenses. At all events he gained a fast growing reputation—not unaccompanied by the ill-will of some who waited for fame and fortune to come to them unsought. When expressions of this were repeated to him, they were unnoticed till he heard that Dr. Physick, the Professor of Surgery supposed he had a hostile feeling toward the University. Then he waited upon this dignitary, whose solemn and almost stern presence will be recollected by a few of our contemporaries, and after arguing his right to get up a school of instruction outside the

University, closed by denying all desire to injure it and as a proof of his sincerity frankly said—"the whole object of my life—my final aim, sir—is to succeed you in your chair." Dr. Physick started to his feet, and holding out both hands said,—“Nothing can prevent your success!”

Some years afterward we met him in New York where he had just accepted the Professorship of Surgery—and asked if he had given up his former goal. “Never,” he said, “this is a stepping stone.”

But it was not to be. In a few months his health gave way—and after a voyage in vain hope, he returned to the neighborhood of Philadelphia, to die.

His motto, with a larger interpretation, may well be taken by all of us.

Of the two stories which follow, the Spectator says, “‘John’ is perfect in its way—‘Moretti’s Campanula’ is as simply pretty as a story can be.” We presume “John” is by Mrs. Oliphant, and the other by Miss Thackeray.

“Deep-Sea Dredging”—shows some results which may cause geologists to consider whether their science is so absolutely sure as they have been accustomed to believe it.

Dear Miss Mitford is shown to us in a new light.

The next number will contain a full Edinburgh Review upon Bismarck, the very remarkable statesman who seems almost equal to Cavour—and who has successfully contested with Louis Napoleon the destiny of Germany.

Also “Against Time”—part IV., of which the Spectator says, “We have not seen anything better in its way, with its sketch of 1863—1866, and the way in which grand fortunes were made by men with a little capital, good name, no particular scruples, and some modicum of local information, a sketch which most writers would have made bitter, but which this one makes only brilliant.”—Is not this Charles Lever improved?

And so we shall go on endeavouring to fill our pages with life and knowledge.

Does any one want more particular information as to the future conduct of this magazine, let him buy a complete set of the past. The hundred and three volumes will supply his increasing family with abundance of reading, which will do them good. And they will never be less interesting than they now are.

Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION IN GERMANY.*

WE still remember the emotion with which we first crossed the threshold of one of the great German universities, whither we had gone as a student. It was at Berlin. The University is in the principal quarter of the town, opposite the king's palace, near the statue of Frederick the Great, and beyond that magnificent bridge over the Spree, which is adorned by eight white marble groups representing the poem of human liberty. The university building is unostentatious as becomes the palace of science. It occupies three sides of a grassy courtyard, which is closed in front by an iron fence. On the ground-floor long bare passage-ways, running through the building, lead to the lecture-rooms, whose low and massive doors look like the entrances of monks' cells. On the floor above are the collections and the library. Students come and go with their notebooks under their arms: but one never sees here the coloured *mütze*, nor the high boots, which, as well as the duel, are still the fashion at the small universities. All is subdued and silent. Before each door a bulletin indicates the times of lectures, of which there are several for nearly every hour in the day. In the thirty-two lecture-rooms more than three hundred courses are given each semester upon the whole circle of the sciences, mathematical, natural, social and theological. In the presence of this prodigious activity, of which nothing, in Paris even, had given us any idea, our thoughts turned towards France, which in the last century imposed its law upon the whole of learned Europe, and we recalled Goethe more attentive on his death-bed to the great struggles of the Museum and the Institute, than to the political revolutions of Europe. At the time when we were thus helping to bring forward the startling revival of study and science in Germany, but few persons in France had any consciousness of the superiority which in a few years was to be universally recognized even by

the government. Since that time Germany has made still greater progress. Who knows whether we can regain our lost ground without a prodigious movement like that which gave France at one time the Normal School, the Polytechnic School, the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, the Bureau of Longitudes, and the Museum? At any rate it is our duty to investigate the organization of education in Germany in order to understand its spirit, and to appropriate that spirit, if possible, to ourselves. It is gratifying to a nation to see its institutions envied by another, but it is also becoming in it to envy for itself the progress which is accomplished elsewhere: this is the first step towards making like progress at home.

I.

IN Germany as in France it is the Faculties who give the higher instruction and confer academical degrees. The analogy between the institutions of the two countries stops there. The fact of the union of the four fundamental Faculties of theology, law, medicine and philosophy in a single town constitutes a university. There are twenty-six universities in the whole German territory, including the German cantons of Switzerland and the Slavonic dependencies of Austria. Many of the university towns are mere villages which have succeeded in making themselves a name in the history of human thought. Halle, Göttingen, and Tübingen have been the centres of a considerable intellectual movement. Many of the universities are very old, and it cannot but surprise the observer to see institutions founded in the middle ages still holding such an important position in our time. The fourteenth century saw the foundation of two universities which have always been thronged, those namely of Heidelberg (1346) and Prague (1347). That of Leipsic dates from the beginning of the fifteenth century (1409). The organization, copied at that time from that of the Sorbonne, has not much changed during five centuries, and the same plan has served for the modern universities of Berlin (1809) and of Bonn (1818). It is still considered excellent, and with reason. Each of these universities, which are bound together by no political ties, has its own history: they have

* I. Jaccoud: *De l'organisation des Facultés de médecine en Allemagne*. Paris: 1864.

II. Von Sybel: *Die deutschen und die auswärtigen Universitäten*. Bonn: 1868.

III. Lorain: *De la Réforme des études médicales par les laboratoires*. Paris: 1868.

had their crises, their periods of splendor, their time of decay. The university of Vienna, after the reformation, became almost Protestant. One fact indicates clearly the spirit of that time: from 1576 to 1589 no degrees of doctor of Theology were given, and in 1626 it had not less than twenty-eight non-Catholic professors. Then the university passed for a century into the hands of the Jesuits, and when it was taken from them in 1735 it was that it might become an instrument of the government in the hands of Charles the Sixth and his successors. It possessed the censorship, and was closed to Jews. This state of things lasted till 1848, and not till then did that university begin to re-assume its proper position in Germany. Now it has a small Faculty of evangetic theology of six professors. Often the universities have been transplanted or absorbed in others. The ancient university of Ingolstadt, founded in 1472, was transferred at a later period to Landshut, and became in 1826 the brilliant university of Munich. That of Freiburg in Breisgau emigrated to Constanx during the French occupation, from 1679 to 1697. At about the same time the University of Strasburg, in conformity with the fourth article of the Convention of the 3d of October 1681, came under the protectorate of the French crown. Strasburg, in actual possession of all its liberties, continued during the eighteenth century to be a German city. Its university, then more prosperous than ever, attracted students from the other side of the Rhine. Goethe and Prince Metternich both studied at Strasburg. The university was suppressed in 1793. This was without doubt a measure to be regretted, but when we consider how much the Republic did for education in France, we can hardly reproach it with this error. The enthusiasm for learning which it had inspired during its existence would have produced marvellous results, if Napoleon had not devised a plan of reducing the higher education to a rigidly organized system by means of the Faculties.

Each University is commonly designated by the name of the town in which it is placed, but it takes also a title in memory of the sovereign who founded or restored it. Thus Berlin contains the Frederick William

University, and Freiburg the Albertine. All the Universities regard themselves as members of one family, whether in Prussia, Austria, Switzerland or Bohemia. This fraternity extends without limit. The Universities of Russia and Holland borrow professors from Germany. A great step in civilization will be made when our institutions are so modified as to permit a similar exchange of scientific men with neighboring nations. The German Universities, in other respects absolutely independent of one another, are established on the same plan, and submitted to the same *régime*. The details of their regulation, the amount of property at their disposal, and their relations to their governments present some variations; but the basis of the system is everywhere the same. If unity exists anywhere in Germany, it is there. In that so long divided country, the universities have perhaps had more effect than diplomacy in effacing the traces of the middle-ages whence they sprang, and in laying the foundations of the unity of Germany, which they have always recognized in principle.

It is a serious error to imagine that the German universities are independent of the governments. In fact the state grants subsidies to them; and appoints the professors, though no doubt there are universities rich enough to dispense with such assistance; as for example, the little Prussian university of Greifswald, which has a revenue of 75,000 thalers and receives only 1,200 from the government. The funds of the university, when there are any, are the property of the corporation and cannot be alienated by the state. If they are large enough, the university is not under the power of the administration, which cannot even move it from one town to another. At Freiburg, the principal resource of the university is a municipal grant which would be annulled in case of transplantation. These are exceptional conditions; most of the universities receive subsidies from the state, which are very considerable in comparison with the budgets of the little countries which vote them. The university of Leipsic has a yearly revenue of 120,000 thalers; Saxony adds to this sum 53,500 thalers. The university of Berlin, has a revenue of only 72 thalers, and receives 180,000 thalers from the

government. During the year 1861, Prussia expended for its seven universities the sum of 530,860 thalers, or in round numbers 400,000 dollars in gold, to which were added the private revenues of the universities themselves. In all, Prussia, with a population of 18,500,000, expended in the year 1861, 500,000 dollars for higher education. In this total the tuition fees are not included; they are always paid directly to the professor, and sometimes constitute his entire support.

According to the terms of the Prussian law, "the universities are privileged corporations composed of the whole body of the professors and matriculated students, and of the employes and their inferiors in its administration," that is to say, all the persons attached to the universities enjoy the academic privileges. The very fencing, swimming and riding masters, the beadle, the janitor, the jailor, and the lamplighter enjoy these advantages, and see their names after those of the professors on the official list of the members of the corporation. As for the students, the mere entering of their names confers upon them citizenship in the university. They are subject from that moment, like the employes and assistants, to a special jurisdiction, the representative of which, in Prussia at least, is styled the university Judge. Generally he is a magistrate of the town. He has the rank of professor, and has a position on the left of the rector. He takes cognizance of all offences against discipline and misdemeanours committed by the students and minor officials, even outside of the limits of the University, and can condemn them to confinement in the academic prison.

As to the Professors, they govern themselves, decide all questions relating to instruction, and maintain their privileges scrupulously intact. Doubtless these are less than they formerly were, having been diminished by the successive expansions of the common law, but as they are still a guarantee of the independence of the governing board, that is enough to make them precious. The Professors are only subject to themselves and to the heads whom they elect. Each year the Faculty appoints its Dean, and the four Faculties, in assembly, proceed to the election of a Rector and

Senate. This last body consists of the Rector, his predecessor, the four Deans and six members chosen among the Professors. It represents the highest expression of academic power, and its judgment is final. It is charged with administering the affairs of the corporation, and defending it, when necessary, against the invasion of power. It is still a prerogative of the University that every public document published by the Senate and bearing the signature of the Rector is exempt from the censorship in the countries where that exists. These small assemblies, proud of their independence, strong in their rights, have sometimes uttered to their sovereigns noble words of liberty, which have had the more weight from the fact that in most of the States some Professors are also Counsellors of the Government. Hence arises a high title to public esteem for all those engaged in instruction. In 1862 the chamber of deputies in Berlin had been dissolved by the King. The minister Von der Heydt was called upon to manage the election and secure the defeat of the liberal party. The head of the cabinet took hold of the work in good earnest. Circulars were addressed to all the corporate bodies of the State calling on them to put forth all their power for the triumph of the royal policy in the approaching elections. The University of Berlin received one of these circulars on the 22nd of March, through the minister of education. We well remember the sensation produced in the University and among the public by this affair. In spite of the extreme moderation of the minister's letter, the Rector and Senate replied on the 7th of April, in terms which it might be well for us to consider in France. "It is not one of our privileges," said the Senate, "to examine the circular of the minister of the Interior in so far as it is addressed to his own functionaries; still less does it become us to raise the question of how far the servants of an administration can be bound by an order from their chief in the exercise of a common political right and how far such a pressure may be regarded as advantageous in the coming election. We wish to confine ourselves simply to maintaining the constitutional rights of the University corporation, the defense of which is confided to us,

and the personal independence of each one of its members. Therefore our rights and our duty demand that we here declare that we cannot hold his Excellency the minister of education justified in interfering in any way with the members of the academic body in the exercise of the political franchise, as his Excellency the Minister of the Interior has done with the officials of his department." The Universities of Bonn and Breslau replied in very nearly the same terms to this unfortunate circular.

It is with justice that the German universities have been likened to small republics. In fact their internal organization is as democratic as possible. The functions of dean and rector cannot be perpetuated in the hands of a single individual. They can never be given for two years in succession to the same professor. There are universities where each professor is dean in his turn, and in turn takes part in the academic government. If he present an excuse, it is considered, and may be rejected. Thanks to this elective constitution, which is capable of modification according to the necessities and claims of progress, the German universities have attained prosperity through causes directly the contrary of those which after half a century are killing our rigidly organized Faculties.

The corps of instruction of a German university consists of four classes of teachers having very distinct rights, namely, ordinary professors, professors extraordinary, *privat-docenten*, who may be compared to tutors, and finally, decidedly below the others, the teachers of languages and polite accomplishments. These last have not the degree of doctor, and are hardly distinguishable from the employés of the faculty. They teach all the modern languages, sometimes even those of the East, music, singing, riding, dancing, fencing, swimming, gymnastics, stenography and writing. These teachers are not merely under the patronage of the university. Their teaching is supervised by the senate; and their prices are sometimes fixed by a tariff, some even receiving a slight salary.

The ordinary professors form the faculty. The Dean as well as the rector are always chosen from among them, and they alone are members of the senate. They are never numerous. The largest faculties of philosophy, as those of Berlin, Vienna, and Breslau, have not more than from twenty-five to twenty-eight of them; a small number, when one considers that in the faculties of philosophy, instruction is given in all the subjects of human knowledge, excepting theology, law

and medicine. Their number depends upon the wealth and popularity of the university, and in the small faculties is so insignificant as to be insufficient and indeed almost absurd. At Jena, the medical faculty contains only five professors; the law faculty at Giessen only four. These professors represent as it were the instruction of the faculty reduced to its meagrest limits, and scarcely sufficing for the academic demands; but they are always supported by larger numbers of extraordinary professors and of *privat-docenten* who come in to enlarge and complete the scheme of studies. The ordinary professors are appointed by the sovereign from a list presented by the faculty. The formalities are nearly the same in all the German States. The vacancy of the chair is publicly announced through the newspapers, and anyone who has received the degree of doctor can become a candidate by presenting an application to the faculty. The latter in its turn is not obliged to choose from among these candidates; it makes out its own list in perfect freedom at a special meeting in which only the ordinary professors take part. This list contains generally three names; but when the faculty deems proper, when it wishes to bestow an especial mark of esteem on any candidate, he is nominated alone. This honor is customary when the candidate is already ordinary professor in another faculty. The Rector transmits the list to the minister, and he presents it to the sovereign, without being at liberty to make any alteration in it. This privilege which the university has of communicating to the ruler of the State the expression of its choice, without limitation from any intermediate authority, is one of its oldest prerogatives, and one of those which it guards with the greatest jealousy. There is no example, even in Austria, of an appointment made by the Sovereign outside of the list of the faculty. There have been certain cases of the refusal of the appointment for political reasons, and under such circumstances the place has remained vacant until matters were reconciled. In such cases the government imposes a sort of veto; but it would never occur to it to substitute its own candidate for that of the corporation. It sometimes happens also that it complies with the public sentiment, which has been disregarded by the professors but affirmed by the students. The latter being themselves members of the corporation, can in fact under certain circumstances interfere directly. When they think they have a serious reason for not approving the choice which has been

made, they have the right to make known to the sovereign their unheeded desires. One of the best known professors of the Vienna medical faculty owes his chair solely to a demonstration of this sort.

Every ordinary professor, although he receives a salary from the government, is exempt by the mere fact of his appointment, from the censorship of the administration. In Germany the government has never conceived the ingenious idea, which exists in France, of considering the professors as servants of the state, and their stipend as a generous gift which secures gratitude or extinguishes hostility. The eminent Virchow, one of the most noted leaders of the opposition in Prussia, a professor at the university of Berlin receives 1200 or 1500 thalers from the treasury without thereby being prevented from attacking the government in the parliament, in his lectures, or at public meetings. No minister has ever thought of insinuating to him that he should hand in his resignation. It is Prussia that pays its professors, not the king. The professor's chair is an inviolable asylum. After the last war there was a professor at Göttingen, a determined partisan of the autonomy of the smaller German States, who entered into open controversy with William the First and personified the resistance to Prussia at least as distinctly as did the king of Hanover.

The regular salary of the ordinary professors varies in the different universities and even with different professors in the same university. Every ten years it is increased. Moreover the academic faculty in order to attract to itself some famous professor has sometimes been obliged to offer him extraordinary advantages. At every vacancy a curious sort of appraisal of the value of the professor takes place between the universities. It is all done discreetly, but the bidding is none the less genuine. It is thus that a professor according to his merit as a savant, or his success in his instruction, — the two advantages are equally sought for, — is able to advance from the smaller to the more important universities; and if he has a place at Vienna or Berlin he is obliged to maintain it by unceasing efforts. The professor's chair in Germany is never a place of repose, or the reward of a completed career. There is never-ending toil and contest. Material interests forbid sloth.

In fact the professor does not receive all his emolument from the State, as is the case in France. A part of it is paid him directly by the students. The French system may have its merits, but it certainly has one dis-

advantage. The least is that it becomes customary for this fixed salary to be regarded as the recompense for a life consecrated to toil, and not as the remuneration for the work of instruction. The consequence is, that the professor occupies himself but very little with his pupils. Our men of science rarely have about them students from whom they receive fees. They entrench themselves in this matter behind a certain dignity which in Germany is judged very severely. The Germans say to us: "that your instruction is gratuitous, appears to be advantageous to the students, but it is rather more so to the professor, by freeing him from the duty of instruction at hours for which he has the right to maintain that he is not paid." It is doubtful indeed whether this system be of advantage to the student. All those who have frequented or had the direction of laboratories know that those alone work who pay. We are so constituted. Gratuitous higher instruction, is a generous dream, but it is a dream, and moreover is it quite just that those studies which lead to honour, to great industries, to brilliant and lucrative positions, should be gratuitous, when no one thinks of demanding the same privilege for that secondary instruction, which now-a-days is indispensable for entrance into the most modest career? There is a certain inconsequence in this.

The Germans find a double advantage in the fact that the professor besides receiving a fixed salary from the State, is directly paid by his pupils. In the first place the teacher seeks the more to adapt himself to their needs, and besides, his fees are always in proportion to his merits, whether the students be attracted by his brilliant lectures, or the wish to hear the author of famous works. In France the student pays each trimester a certain entrance fee, which in fact confers no privileges upon him, since the instruction is open to the public. The sum of these fees is to be added to the price of the examinations and of the diploma. It is a tax upon the title of doctor. In Germany, the student chooses, at the beginning of the semester, the courses which he proposes to follow. He inscribes his name with the Secretary, and pays for each one a certain fee fixed at the pleasure of the professor. The rules content themselves with setting a minimum, and the way in which this is established shows the constant tendency of the German universities to render to everyone according to his works. The minimum to be paid by the student for a semestrial course is as many monetary units as the professor gives lessons a week. If

he gives, as is not seldom the case, five lessons, the fee is 5 florins in Austria, in Prussia 5 thalers. The professor receives the whole of the fees, but they are paid at the Secretary's office, thereby avoiding any awkwardness. By the income which he draws from the students, the professor is interested in giving a large number of lessons in order to increase the minimum, and to have them good in order to secure many auditors. By that part of his salary which he receives from the State, he is secure in sickness and old age. There is no retired list; the title of Professor is held for life. When the Professor becomes infirm, he rests. Owing to the extraordinary professors and *privat-docenten* instruction is not impaired.

The Prussian regulations say: "The mission of the university is by means of lectures and other academic exercises to give general instruction, both scientific and literary, to young men suitably prepared by their elementary studies, and it is moreover to qualify them to enter the different branches of the service of the State and of the Church, as well as the professions which demand a learned education of a high order." It is evident that with its small number of ordinary professors the university cannot fill out such a programme. It is here that the extraordinary professors and the *privat-docenten* come in. At Berlin for twenty-seven ordinary professors in the Faculty of philosophy, there are thirty-three professors extraordinary. This number is never limited. It depends upon the resources of the university, or the sums that the government puts at its disposal. If the Faculty finds that a new or important branch of science is not represented in their instruction, it seeks a professor extraordinary to fill the gap, or it gives this title to some man of merit whom it wishes to secure, meanwhile waiting for an opportunity to attach him more closely. The professors extraordinary are appointed by the minister on the nomination of the Faculty. Their functions are for life. Often they have no other salary than the student's fees, the amount of which they fix as the other professors do. By way of exception, a regular salary may be granted to those whose courses are not of a nature to attract many pupils.

As to the position of *privat-docent*, it is open to every one who has attained the degree of doctor. It is acquired by a special examination, the details of which are carefully fixed by rule. It is an examination, but without competition. There are no competitive examinations in Germany; they can-

not be reconciled with the spirit of a university, which is to leave the entrance free to every capacity, with the number only limited by the necessities of instruction. The *privat-docenten* never receive any other emolument than the student's fees, and lose their title if they remain two years unemployed. They vary the instruction of the Faculty as the extraordinary Professors complete it. The lectures of the *privat-docenten* often serve as repetitions. In fact nothing is more common than to see several courses on the same subject in one Faculty. Hence arises rivalry among the professors which cannot but be of advantage to the students. There is perfect liberty on both sides. The professor teaches what he will and as he will, the student goes where he knows he can best secure economy and profit. A curious rule allows him to attend all the courses of the Faculty *gratis* for the first ten days of the semester. Only at the end of that time is he obliged to make his choice and register himself. A certificate of attendance at a single course, even at that of a *privat-docent*, or at another university, admits one to the examinations, and no examiner takes it amiss that the candidate has not followed his lectures.

The higher German education has been reproached with the fact that the cost is higher than it is with us. Without doubt the sums paid to the professors at the beginning of each semester soon exceed the trimestrial fees of our French student, but we must take into consideration the number of hours given by the professor to his courses, the number of pupils that he has, and the facilities given for practical instruction. One can thus readily convince himself that the expenses of the German student are much more thoroughly repaid, and that the amount of instruction which he would receive in France for the same sum cannot be compared with that which he gets in Germany. And moreover, to appreciate the expense of education in any country, it is not enough to know what the schooling costs, we must ascertain the total amount of the academic expenses added to the general cost of removal and living. It is evident that the smaller university towns offer to students of moderate means advantages of cheap living, which are not to be found in Paris. Certain universities, as that of Greifswald, are attended almost exclusively by poor students, while Bonn and Heidelberg, where it is the fashion to drink wine, are the headquarters of the wealthy and frivolous. Finally one ought besides to take into account certain conditions which lessen still further the average expenses of studying in Germany. The professor can

always at his pleasure exempt a student from the the payment of his fee. He always does this for foreigners who bring letters of introduction to him, and we have everywhere found that this hospitality of knowledge is generously practised. Another custom grants the same exemption to the sons of professors and of all the dignitaries of the universities even down to the secretary. The faculty itself can remit all or half of the fees to such students as shall prove their poverty and at the same time give evidence by a special examination of merit and ability. The number of those who profit from these immunities is estimated at 1200, or one fifth of the German students. The expenses of the students are often defrayed by exhibitions, founded either by the state, by parishes, or by private individuals. At Greifswald, where there are only 350 students, there are more than forty such foundations. They are divided on examination among students who bring certificates of poverty. There are other and humbler foundations; the university for instance always disposes of a certain number of free plates, in a restaurant of the town, and these are allotted each semester to poor students after a special examination, which is held with a certain solemnity before the assembled faculty, and only includes the subjects studied during the last term. Among institutions which have been founded in a more modern spirit, the solicitude of the *alma mater* for her indigent students is no less constant. There has existed at Heidelberg since the year 1863 an association for the assistance of sick students. The professors belong to the association. The students pay a semi-annual subscription of 30 kreuzers, but are exempt from this in case of poverty. The professors contribute to it their time, care, and good will. The patients have a special ward in the hospital, and choose the doctor they prefer. Those who are able pay their board, the others are attended gratuitously. The council of the association is composed of the prorector, who corresponds to the rector of other universities, two professors of the medical faculty, a doctor of the town, two professors chosen each year by the senate, and five students. The admission into the council of the physician of the town, who is not a member of the university, is to be noticed. It is an infraction of the ancient customs of such corporations, and may be regarded as an instance of genuine progress.

If we have mentioned the pecuniary assistance given to students in Germany, it is rather as a proof of the universal interest

that advanced studies excite there than as one of the merits of the system of instruction. It is very doubtful whether bounties, scholarships, encouragements of all kinds, and prizes (unknown in the German universities,) contribute to the advance of study and science as we appear to believe in France. What is really of importance is the number, merit and independence of the teaching body, and the time it gives to its pupils. It is also a matter of especial importance *that the system of education should be capable of receiving all necessary modifications without delay and without violence.* The higher instruction in France, imprisoned from its origin in the administrative mould, is to-day the same that it was fifty years ago; scarcely have any new chairs been created. In Germany on the contrary, the system of education, free from all governmental shackles, has continually changed, grown and perfected itself, by the mere rivalry of the various universities. In the last fifty years the number of courses has at least doubled. The faculties of law and theology have remained nearly stationary, but those of medicine and philosophy, more allied to the movement of the age, have seen the number of their instructors increase from day to day. At Berlin the number of professors and *privat-docenten* of the faculties of medicine and philosophy was 127 on the 1st of January 1862; in 1864 it was 140; an increase of 13 professors in two years, and as each gives on an average two courses, this is an augmentation of twenty-six semi-annual courses. It is true that this astonishing increase has ceased since 1864 at Berlin and at all the German universities. Does this mean that the system of education has reached the point of perfect equilibrium with the needs of the country? We are rather obliged to see in this a consequence of the great political crisis through which Germany is at this moment passing.

II.

This constant harmony between the state of education and the advance of science is furthered in Germany by the absence of anything like a curriculum. This is a very important point. There are, properly speaking, no *chairs*, there are only *professors*. The Faculty is not formed by the combination of a certain number of courses, it is a corporation of professors who teach after their own fashion. In proportion as the sciences advance, not only are new men added to the Faculty, but each professor varies his instruction according to the tendency of the times.

instead of being obliged to conform, even in appearance, to the announcement of a programme which was countersigned by a minister of state some twenty years before.

If he makes mistakes, if he follows the wrong path, the *privat-docenten* are there; they will not fail in their own interest to supply any omission in the instruction of the professors. Is a place made vacant by the death of a professor, it is not thought necessary to appoint some plodding dullard to fill it, whose only merit is that he has religiously followed the beaten path. The Faculty does not bind itself to continue any of its courses. In the last six years, the Faculty of philosophy at Berlin has had to replace three ordinary professors, two of chemistry, and one of astronomy; it has secured a physicist, a mathematician, and a palæontologist.

The German system of education, thanks to this freedom of the professors, which is the very basis of the method, has acquired a multiplicity, variety, and adaptability which is far beyond the reach of the most enlightened and foreseeing central administration. Every branch of science, no matter how special, though it be the growth of yesterday, has the right of citizenship in the university, and invites students. We should like to give an entire list of the courses delivered during the last semester in one of the greater Faculties of philosophy. There would be found all the natural, historical, and social sciences more or less fully represented according to the interests of the times: the theory of micrometric observations by the side of postal law, Molière's plays by the side of the monuments of the Trojan cycle. French civil law is expounded at Munich, Würzburg, Freiburg in Breisgau, Berne, and Heidelberg. Instruction is given in various ways. One professor comments upon a work he is about to publish, another simply describes a journey he has made. It is not unusual for a course on the literature of a foreign language to be held in that tongue, in French, Italian, or English. At some of the older Universities the lectures are given in Latin. At Prague, there are some young *privat-docenten* who instruct in the *czech* language.

Each professor holds generally two courses at the same time, or even three, for which he charges different fees. On the programmes they are styled *public*, *privatim*, *privatissime*. The lectures *publice* are those for which the student has only the minimum fee to pay. These are the most numerous. The others are, if it is desired, a sort of conferences, or actual re-

citations, the price of which is sometimes higher, but which none the less are announced upon the official programme, and are often held in the rooms of the university. They are generally upon some very special point, or are of a more practical nature than the others. One professor may lecture in one of his courses on meteorology, and in the other on experimental physics. Bopp lectured *publice* on Sanskrit, and *privatim* on the comparative grammar of Greek, Latin, and German.

Very little importance is attached to the form. The lecturers have no oratorical pretensions. The only care of the professors is to be understood. Some, in the great cities, have occasionally tried to break through the old academic simplicity by inviting the outside public. At Berlin we saw an attempt of this sort on the part of DuBois-Reymond. On one evening of every week the citizens of Berlin would crowd into the great amphitheatre of the university, which however, does not contain more than 360 places. The students were few, the majority were men of a certain age, scientific amateurs, old students of the university who were not sorry to be once more within the walls which had witnessed their youthful studies. The learned professor read his lecture, which he tried to make eloquent. It was upon the recent progress made in the department of biology,—spontaneous generation, the antiquity of man, palæontology, he treated of them all. This method of lecturing, of which one can form an idea from the conferences of the Sorbonne save that there were no ladies present, and that no experiments were made simply to amuse the audience, was so opposed to the old university usages that it could not fail to give rise to some slight feelings of jealousy. When the students saw this eminent physiologist discussing thus all varieties of subjects, they said, somewhat maliciously, that he aspired to succeed Humboldt. They said too, that these lectures, given before a public composed solely of amateurs, were of no use for the progress of science, and that DuBois-Reymond would have done better to leave the business of vulgarizing knowledge, to those who had not advanced it, as he had done.

Nowhere in Germany are there large halls like those at Paris, or in some of our provincial towns. The lecture-rooms are small, often inconvenient, and poorly lighted. In fact, the first corner one can find is good enough. Von Siebold, at Munich, lectures in the garret of the museum. A sort of intimacy is very soon established between the professor and his pupils

by the very special nature of the lectures, and the small number of students who attend them. A few years ago Ewald, the celebrated oriental scholar, at Göttingen, was confined to his bed by illness. He gave his lectures in his chamber. The students, seated around the bed, were busy writing, while Madame Ewald attended to her household duties. It is nothing uncommon for the lectures, even *public* lectures, to be given at the professor's house. Five or six of us attended Ehrenberg's lectures. He received us in his study, in the midst of his microscopes, his books, and his menagerie of infusoria bottled in tubes. We would talk about the last meeting, ask the explanation of some matter which would cause a long digression; in looking for one creature in the tubes, we would come upon another, and the lecture had to be begun anew; or else it was some obscure reference that had to be explained, and we rummaged through the library; and the result was, that with all their interruptions and irregularities, these lectures were most excellent and profitable.

This disdain of all show, this simplicity are not mere matters of fashion, they are related to the very essence of German instruction. The professor teaches as he works, his courses are only an exposition of his method. He explores and shows how a subject is to be explored. It has been said that a German professor "works aloud" before his pupils; the phrase is very accurate. In France our scientific professors confine themselves to showing the results that have been acquired. This is moreover the official method established by the existence of a programme for the lectures of the Faculty. Last year Herr Von Sybel, professor of history at the University of Bonn, criticised our system very sharply in an academic discourse upon German and foreign universities. He said, "In France the teacher announces the results of researches which have often been very long and laborious, but he does not say a word to his hearers of the intellectual operations by which these results have been reached. In Germany, on the other hand, the endeavour is to teach the student the method of a science. The attempt is made, not to make him a savant, but to give him a clear idea of the problems of science and of the operations by which these problems are solved." In a general way, these remarks are well founded. His mistake is that he extends them to all French teaching. There are exceptions; we might mention courses at the Collège de France, which correspond exactly to Von Sybel's ideal. The profess-

or has no programme, he teaches what he pleases, the most special subject or the obscurest question, and he seeks to enlighten himself as well as his hearers; his lecture-room becomes his laboratory while he is instructing. Instead of a great number of pupils, never to be found at a course of this sort, he has disciples, he founds a school. This is higher education in its loftiest aspirations.

So far we have regarded the German university simply as an admirable machine for instruction, it is something more than this. In making real merit the condition of promotion, it has attained a higher aim, it has founded the scientific glory of the country. Every *privat-docent* knows that his only chance of success is to make himself known by deeper investigation, and better work than his rivals can perform. He knows too that his personal standing is in no danger from intrigue or disgrace, from the interference of officials or the judgment of a remote superior who is to be won by flattery. His only judges will be his peers, the professors of other Faculties, under the protection of public opinion. The scientific reviews proclaim the results of his studies, and the students spread the renown of his instruction. His future is sure, he will become titular or supplementary professor. No power, no clique can prevent him. There is no case on record of a *privat-docent* of merit who has remained in the second rank. The secret of this is in that German freedom from centralization, which fills us with astonishment. The *privat-docent* of a great university leaves it without fear, he has no need of keeping friends or a powerful protector there in order to be assured of his recall at some future day. He is certain that he will be summoned from his exile at one of the less-known universities, such as Giessen, Rostock, or Marburg, if he prove himself worthy. And in the profound calm of these small towns, inhabited, as Goethe said, only by professors, phillistines, students, and cattle, he works at his ease, he produces and makes himself known. Nothing disturbs him, scarcely do rumours of the life of the world reach him. We once heard one of the celebrated anatomists of Europe, Bischoff, complain of the excessive distractions of Munich. Munich! almost as animated as Versailles! If the Germans have styled it the Northern Athens, it is certainly not on account of the bustle of its public square. Herr Bischoff yearned for his life at Erlangen, where he had made his interesting researches in embryology and formed an anatomical collection. He told us of the excitement created in the

university and the town by the arrival of a dead crocodile which had been sent thither from the *Jardin des Plantes* of Paris. His assistants and pupils were kept at work with him almost night and day, in order that nothing of the precious creature might be lost; and they amassed a great number of preparations which now fill the anatomical gallery. Such is the life, such are the momentous incidents, in these insignificant university towns, which have been constantly adorned by the most illustrious names of Germany. After studying and lecturing all day, the young professors gather in the evening, drink a glass of beer together, exchange scientific information, discuss, affirm their doctrines, and excite from this mutual contact greater ardour for the next day's work.

Hence the enormous quantity* of original books, memoirs, and investigations, that are every day contributed to the progress of knowledge, at all points in the Germanic territory. Among all the nations of Europe, Germany is by far the most industrious in the pursuit of truth. We do not wish to be understood as depreciating French science. The two countries advance on different paths. The German works are all detail, erudition, investigation; they are the result of patience and solid information, but they often lack the spark which makes a science spring from a single book. On the other side of the Rhine there are no great treatises, such as the *Mécanique Céleste* of Laplace, or Cuvier's *Recherches sur les ossements fossiles*, or Bichat's *Anatomie générale*. Germany registers every day an immense number of facts which have been observed, of points of knowledge which have been acquired, but it is perhaps deficient in the art of interpreting, uniting, and separating them according to the process of a strict method. At the present time our neighbours have as many systems as they had in the palmiest days of metaphysics. The philosophical cycle is not yet closed, the purely scientific era is not yet open. In a word, Germany is more under the weight of the past than France; the middle ages yet exist there in a thousand forms, even at the university. Let us open the door, we enter the hall of honor, the *aula*. The assembled Faculty is presiding at the ceremony of conferring the degree of doctor of medicine. The examinations are over. Before the candidate receives his diploma, sealed with the great seal of the Faculty, and signed by the dean, the usual oath is administered. The university judge reads the formula, the candidate repeats it after him, his hand in that of the judge. Now

this oath begins thus: "I do solemnly swear to practice medicine, not for myself, but for the greater glory of God," and ends as it begins: "I finally swear to give all my attention to sanctifying religion by the profession which I shall practice. May God and His Holy Gospel aid me." If the candidate be a Jew, the last invocation is somewhat modified. Such is the ceremony of making doctors in the land of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. This oath, which may clash with the philosophical opinions of the candidate, is pronounced in Latin, and here we find another Gothic peculiarity in the German system, namely, that the Latin plays a pedantic role there of which we since the revolution have hardly a trace left. The academic discourses are in Latin, also most of the theses, and these last always contain an abridged life of the young doctor, in Latin. The bulky pamphlet which announces at the beginning of each semester the hours and subjects of the lectures is all in Latin. The amphitheatre, the desk elevated above the benches, recall the old pedagogic tradition. The words fall from the master to the pupil instead of being addressed to him, face to face, as is the case in our halls.

However, German science is freeing itself gradually from all this superannuated apparatus, and instruction is undergoing a radical transformation. With its marvellous pliability, it is entering into union with modern tendencies. The lecture-rooms get renewed as well as the doctrines announced there, laboratories rise from the earth, the apparatus becomes complete, and the sciences of life, most closely connected with the religious and social problems of the time, lead the advance in this great movement. In Berlin the Anatomical Museum is lodged in a building of huge but elegant proportions, without extravagance, or ill-placed, pretentious ornaments, and if the antique paintings of the halls occasionally recall the old German spirit, the general arrangement of the building is planned according to the latest scientific views. It contains collections, cabinets of instruments, and rooms for investigation. The lecture-room, planned like our own, is contrived with careful particularity, the table, covered with the objects of demonstration, extends into the vast space reserved for the professor, and can be turned in any direction. The rooms for the lectures on chemistry and physics are also especially arranged according to the necessities of those subjects.

The generosity which has been lavished at Berlin on the practical study of anatomy is rivalled at Bonn. The Prussian Govern-

ment has expended about 800,000 thalers for the laboratories of these two cities, the kingdom of Hanover about 100,000 for that of Göttingen, the little Duchy of Baden 100,000 thalers for the laboratory at Heidelberg, the finest and now the most celebrated of all Germany. It is called the Palace of Nature, (*Natur-Pallast*.) It is the domain of Helmholtz. He, after having studied at Berlin, became, while still quite young, professor at the university of Königsberg. The importance of the works which he published there secured his call to Bonn, where he taught anatomy and physiology. The Prussian Government then committed the error of not retaining a man of such value, even at some cost. The Government of Baden, with more wisdom, made him an offer which succeeded in establishing him at Heidelberg. This was in 1857. The new professor had full power to arrange his laboratory to suit himself, and to create an establishment worthy of the great discoveries he already foresaw. The *Natur-Pallast* has special chemical, physical and physiological laboratories, in which nothing is lacking that is necessary for the study of the sciences of life. The *Natur-Pallast* is one of the glories of this happy little country of Baden. The parliament votes every year the sum necessary for its support, and when the professors ask it they give additional sums for important acquisitions. Heidelberg has also Bunsen, Berlin has deprived it of Kirchhoff. At Heidelberg were begun the great investigations in spectrum analysis, which are revealing to us the composition of the stars. And so this university which was celebrated a few years ago for the study of law, is now the centre of the physical and physiological science of Europe. One German State maintains the *Natur-Pallast* from its treasury, keeps Helmholtz and Bunsen, attracts all the students of Germany and all the sa-

vants of Europe to one of its Universities, and the State which does all this is no larger than three of our departments.

The eighteenth century gave French science the preponderance in Europe. In 1795, Pallas, a German, printed at St. Petersburg his *Tableau physique et topographique de la Tauride* in French. Until 1804 the Memoirs of the Academy of Berlin were issued in French; French had become the language of learning throughout the continent. All this advance has been lost. The wars of the Empire, crowned by the awakening of German nationality, were the signal of a violent reaction which extended to literature and science. The universities, after having raised the theory of education to a lofty height, are now founding its practice on the broadest basis. The German mind has been renewed by them, it quits its secular swaddling-clothes, and enters into the maturity of the modern spirit with all the advantage of an unrivalled system of education. Therefore the influence of Germany in science goes on increasing in Europe. A few months ago, a *privat-docent* of Berlin, appointed professor at the capital of Holland, began his course in German. The reason which he gave to his astonished hearers was, that German was henceforth the universal language of science. Even at Paris a sort of unmanly discouragement has fallen upon us, the biological sciences themselves have shown a tendency to become germanized even in the land of Buffon, Bichat and Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire. This is a serious matter, and well demands the attention of those who are anxious to see France resume a position in science that shall be worthy of her. Patriotism must seek some means of relighting at any cost the torch of truth which France, in days gone by, held higher than all the nations of the world.

GEORGE POUCHET.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS IN COLORADO. — New evidences of the existence of the Mound-Builders in the mountain ranges of Colorado, similar to those in Montana, Utah and Nevada, have recently been discovered by Mr. C. A. Deane, of Denver. He found upon the extreme summit of the snow-range, structures of stone, evidently of ancient origin, and hitherto unknown or unmolested. Opposite to and almost north of the South Boulder Creek, and the summit of the range; Dr. Deane observed large numbers of granite rocks, and many of them as large as two men could lift, in a position that could not have

been the result of chance. They had evidently been placed upright in a line conforming to a general contour of the dividing ridge, and frequently extending in an unbroken line for one or two hundred yards. The walls and the mounds are situated three thousand feet above the timber line. It is, therefore, hardly supposable that they were built for altars of sacrifice. They were not large enough for shelter or defence. The more probable supposition is that, like the larger mounds in Montana and elsewhere, they were places of sepulture.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. CREDITON came to dinner that evening, and met his daughter with a suppressed but evident emotion, which made Kate muse and wonder. "I knew he liked me, to be sure," she said afterwards to Mrs. Mitford; "I knew he would miss me horribly; but I never expected him, you know, to look like that."

"Like what, my dear?"

"Like crying," said Kate, with a half-sob. They had left the gentlemen in the dining-room, and were straying round the garden in the twilight. Mr. Crediton had been late, and had delayed dinner, and even the long June day had come to a close, and darkness was falling. The garden was full of the scent of roses, though all except the light ones were invisible in the darkness; tall pyramids of white lilies stood up here and there like ghosts in the gloom, glimmering and odorous; and the soft perfume of the grateful earth, refreshed by watering and by softer dew, rose up from all the wide darkling space around. "I think it must be because it is a rectory garden that it is so sweet," said Kate, with a quick transition. By reason of being an invalid, she was leaning on Mrs. Mitford's arm.

"Are you fond of rectories?" said her kind companion. "But you might see a great many rectories without seeing such a spot as Fanshawe Regis. It is a pretty house, and a good house; and, my dear, you can't think what a pleasure it is to think that when we go it will pass to John."

"Oh!" said Kate; and then, after a pause, "Has he quite made up his mind to be a clergyman?" she said.

"Yes, indeed, I hope so," said his unsuspecting mother. "He is so well qualified for it. Not all the convenience in the world would have made me urge him to it, had I not seen he was worthy. But he was made to be a clergyman—even the little you have seen of him, my dear—"

"You forget I have only seen him to-day," said Kate; "and then I don't know much about clergymen," she went on, demurely. "I have always thought, you know, they were people to be very respectful of—one can't laugh with a clergyman as one does with any other man; indeed I have never cared for clergymen—please don't be angry—they have always seemed so much above me."

"But a good man does not think himself above any one," said Mrs. Mitford, falling into the snare. "The Doctor might stand upon his dignity, if any one should; but yet,

Kate, my dear, he was quite content to marry an ignorant little woman like me."

"Do you think clergymen ought to marry?" said Kate, with great solemnity, looking up in her face.

Mrs. Mitford gave a great start, and fell back from her young companion's side.

"Kate!" she cried, "you never told me you were High Church!"

"Am I High Church? I don't think so; but one has such an idea of a clergyman," said Kate, "that he should be so superior to all that. I can't understand him thinking of—a girl, or any such nonsense. I feel as if he ought to be above such things."

"But, my dear, after all, a clergyman is but a man," said Mrs. Mitford, suddenly driven to confusion, and not knowing what plea to employ.

"Should he be just a man?" asked Kate, with profound gravity. "Shouldn't they be examples to all of us? I think they should be kept apart from other people, and even look different. I should not like to be intimate—not very intimate, you know—with a clergyman. I should feel as if it were wrong—when they have to teach us, and pray for us, and all that. Your son is not a clergyman yet, or I should never have ventured to speak to him as I did to-day."

"But, you dear simple-minded child," cried Mrs. Mitford, half delighted with such an evidence of goodness, half confused by the thought of how this theory might affect her boy, "that is all very true; but unless they became monks at once, I don't see how your notion could be carried out; and the experience of the Roman Catholics, dear, has shown us what a dreadful thing it is to make men monks. So that, you see, clergymen must mix in the world; and I am quite sure it is best for them to marry. When you consider how much a woman can do in a parish, Kate, and what a help she is, especially if her husband is very superior—"

"I don't know, I am sure," said Kate; "perhaps, in that case, you know, women should be the clergymen. But I do think they should be put upon pedestals, and one should not be too familiar with them. Marrying a clergyman would be dreadful. I don't know how any one could have the courage to do it. I suppose people did not look at things in that light when you were young?"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Mitford, with a little warmth; "there were no High Church notions in my days. One thought one was doing the best one could for God, and that one had one's work to do as well as one's husband. And, my dear," said the good wo-

man, dropping into her usual soft humility, "I think you would think so, too, if you knew what the parish was when I came into it. Not that I have done much — not near so much, not half so much, as I ought to have done — but still, I think —"

"As if I ever doubted that!" cried Kate; "but then — not many are like you."

"Oh yes, my dear! a great many," said Mrs. Mitford, with a smile of pleasure. "Even Mr. Crediton's pretty Kate, though he says she is a wilful little puss — if it came to be her fate to marry a clergyman —"

"That it never can be," said Kate; "oh, dear, no! In the first place, papa would hate it; and, in the next place, I should — hate it myself."

"Ah! my dear," said Mrs. Mitford, feeling, nevertheless, as if she had received a downright blow, "that all depends upon the man."

They had come round in their walk to the path which led past the dining-room windows, where the blinds were but half dropped, and the lights shining, and sounds of voices were audible as the gentlemen sat over their wine. It was the two elder men only who were talking — Dr. Mitford's precise tones, and those of Mr. Crediton, which sounded, Kate thought, more "worldly." John was taking no part in the conversation. Sometime before, while they had still been at a little distance, Kate had seen him under the blind fidgeting in his chair, and listening to the sound of the footsteps outside. She knew as well that he was longing to join his mother and herself as if he had said it, and looked at him with an inward smile, and philosophical reflection, whether a man who gave in so easily could be worth taking any trouble about. And yet, perhaps, it was not to Kate he had given in, but to the first idea of woman, the first enchantress whom he could make an idol of. "He shall not make an idol of me," she said to herself; "if he cares for me, he must be as *me*, and not as a fairy princess." This thought had just passed through her mind when she answered Mrs. Mitford, which she did with a little nod of obstinacy, and elevation of her drooping head.

"I am sure everything would not depend on the man, so far as I am concerned," she said. "Men are all very well, but you must take everything into account before you go and sacrifice yourself to them. One man is very much like another, so far as I can see. One doesn't expect to meet a Bayard nowadays."

"But why not, my dear?" said Mrs. Mitford. "There are Bayards in the world as much as there ever were. I am sure I know one. If it had been the time for knights, he would have been a Bayard; and as it is not the time for knights, he is the very best, the truest, and tenderest! No one ever knew him to think of himself. Oh, my dear! there are some men whose circumstances you never would think of — not even you."

"But I am very worldly," said Kate, shaking her head; "that is how I have been brought up. If I cared for anybody who was poor, I should give him no rest till he got rich. If I did not like his profession, or anything, I should make him change it. I don't mean to say I approve of myself, and, of course, you can't approve of me, but I *know* that is what I should do."

"I think we had better go in, and have some tea," said Mrs. Mitford, with a half-sigh. There was some regret in it for the heiress whom John had manifestly lost, for it was certain that a girl with such ideas would never touch John's heart; and there was some satisfaction, too, for she should have her boy to herself.

"It is so sweet out here," said Kate, with gentle, passive opposition, "and there are the gentlemen coming out to join us — at least, there is your son."

"John is so fond of the garden," said Mrs. Mitford, with another little sigh. She felt disposed to detach Kate's arm from her own, and run to her boy and warn him. But politeness forbade such a step, and his mother's wistful eyes watched his tall figure approaching in the darkness — approaching unconscious to his fate.

"We were talking of you," said Kate, with a composure which filled Mrs. Mitford with dismay, "and about clergymen generally. I should be frightened if I were you — one would have to be so very, very good. Don't you ever feel frightened when you think that you will have to teach everybody, and set everybody a good example? I think the very thought would make me wicked if it were me."

"Should it?" said John, — and his mother thought with a little dread that he looked more ready to enter into the talk than she had ever seen him before; "but then I don't understand how you could be wicked if you were to try."

"Ah! but I do," said Kate, "and I could not bear it. Do you really like being a clergyman? you who are so young and — different. I can fancy it of an old gentleman like Dr. Mitford; but you —"

"I am not a clergyman yet," said John with a half-audible sigh.

"And Dr. Mitford is not so old," said his mother, "though I suppose everybody who is over twenty looks old to you; but Miss Crediton means that you must feel like a clergyman, my dear boy, already. I am sure you do!"

"I don't see how you can be so sure," said John; and perhaps for the first time in his life, he felt angry with his mother. Why should she answer for him in this way when he was certainly old enough, and had sense enough to answer for himself? He was a little piqued with her, and turned from her towards the young stranger, whom he had spoken to for the first time that day. "I am secular enough at present," he said; "you need not be sorry for me. There is still time to reflect."

"It is never any good reflecting," said Kate; "if you are going in for anything, I think you should do it and never mind. The more one thinks the less one knows what to do."

"And oh, my dear, don't jest about such subjects!" said Mrs. Mitford. "Don't you recollect what we are told about him that puts his hand to the plough and looks back?"

"And is turned into a pillar of salt," said Kate, demurely. "Mr. John, that would never do. I should not like to see you turned into a pillar of salt. Let us think of something else. How sweet it is out here in the dark! The air is just ravishing about those roses. If you could not see them, you would still know they were there. I like an old-fashioned garden. Is that a ghost up against the buttress there, or is it another great sheaf of lilies? If I had such a garden as this, I should never care to go anywhere else."

"My dear, I hope you will come here as often as you like," said Mrs. Mitford, with hospitable warmth; and then she thought of the danger to John, and stopped short, and felt a little confused. "The Huntleys are friends of yours, are not they?" she went on, faltering. "When you are with them, it will be so easy to run over here."

"Oh, indeed! I should much rather come here at first hand, if you will have me," said Kate, frankly. "I don't think I am fond of the Huntleys. They are nice enough, but — And dear Mrs. Mitford, I would rather go to you than to any one, you have been so good to me — that is, if you like me to come here."

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Mitford, half touched, half troubled, "if I could

think there was any amusement for you —"

"Whether there may be amusement or not there must always be a welcome. I am sure, mother, that is what you meant to say," said John, with a certain suppressed indignation in his tone, which went to his mother's heart.

"Oh yes," she said, more and more confused; "Miss Crediton knows that. If she can put up with our quietness — if she does not mind the seclusion. We have not seen so much of the Huntleys as we ought to have seen, but when they are here —"

"I had much rather come when you were quite quiet. I love quiet," said deceitful Kate, putting her face so close to her friend's shoulder as almost to touch it in a caressing way she had. Mrs. Mitford trembled with a presentiment of terror, and yet she could not resist this soft half-caress.

"My dear child!" she cried, pressing Kate's arm to her side. And John loomed over them both, a tall shadow, with a face which beamed through the darkness; they looked both so little beside him — soft creatures, shadowy, with wavy uncertain outlines, melting into the dark, not clear and black and well defined like himself — moving softly, with a faint rustle in the air, which might almost have been wings. His mother and — what was Kate to him? Nothing — a stranger — a being from a different sphere; yet, at the same time, the one creature in all the world upon whom he had a supreme claim, whose life he had fought for, and rescued out of the very jaws of death.

After this they went in with eyes a little dazzled by the sudden change into the drawing-room, where the lamps were lighted, and the moths came sweeping in at the open window, strange optimists, seeking the light at all costs. Kate threw herself down in a great chair, in the shadiest corner, her white dress giving forth (poor John thought) a kind of reflected radiance, moon-like and subdued. She sank down in the large wide seat, and gave a little yawn. "I'm so tired," she said; "I think I shall make papa carry me up-stairs."

"Not your papa, my dear," said Mrs. Mitford, who, to tell the truth, was a little matter-of-fact; "not your papa. He does not look very strong, and it would be too much for him. The servants can do it; or perhaps John —"

John started up, and came forward with his eyes lit up, half with eagerness, half with fun. He had held her in his arms before, but she had not been conscious of

that. "Oh, please!" cried Kate, in alarm, "I did not mean it; I only said it in fun—for want of something else to say."

"That is Kate's general motive for her observations," said Mr. Crediton, who had just then come in with Dr. Mitford; "and heaven knows it is apparent in them! but if I don't carry her up-stairs, I must carry her home. She must have been no end of a trouble to you."

"Oh no—not yet, I hope," said Mrs. Mitford, still with some confusion. She cast a rapid glance over the situation. In less than three months John was going up for ordination. After that, she reflected, his mind would be settled, and such an interruption would do him less harm. "But I feel it is very selfish trying to keep her when, I daresay, you have a great many pleasant engagements," she went on, with diplomatic suavity; "and we are so quiet here. Only you must bring her back again. Mr. Crediton—that you must promise me—in autumn, or at Christmas the very latest—"

She caught John's eye, and faltered and stopped short; and then, of all people in the world, it was Dr. Mitford who interposed.

"I should say it was the doctor who had to be consulted first," he said. "After an illness I make it a principle never to move till I have consulted my medical man. This is a rule which I never transgress, my dear, as you know—and we must do the same by our young friend. You can decide after he has been here."

"But the fact is Kate, if you don't come at once you will come to an empty house," said her father. "I have to go up to town on election business, and I should like to be here to take my girl home."

"Then she shall wait till you come back," said Dr. Mitford; "and now that is settled, if you will come with me to my library I will show you the old charter I was speaking of. It is the earliest of the kind I have ever seen. You will find it very curious. It grants the privilege of sanctuary to all the Abbey precincts"—he went on, as he opened the door for his guest, talking all the way. They could hear the sound of his voice going along the oak passage which led to the library, though they could not make out the words; and somehow it seemed to have a kind of soporific effect upon the party left behind, who sat and gazed at each other, and listened as if anxious to catch the last word.

"What is all settled?" cried Kate, who was the first to break the silence. "Oh, please, am I to take sanctuary in the Ab-

bey precincts, or what is to be done with me? I should so like to know!"

"Mr. Crediton has consented that you should stay," cried John, eagerly. Kate took no more notice of him than if he had been a cabbage, but bent forward to Mrs. Mitford, ignoring all other authority. And what could that good woman do, who was not capable of hurting the feelings of a fly?

"My dear," she said, faltering, "what would be the use of going home when your papa is going away? Much better stay with me, if you can make up your mind to the quiet. We are so very quiet here."

"But you said Christmas," said Kate, who was a little mortified, and did not choose to be unavenged.

"I said—I was thinking—I meant you to understand— Oh! what is it, Lizzie?" cried Mrs. Mitford, eagerly, as the maid came to the door. "Widow Blake?—oh yes, I am coming;" and she went away but too gladly to escape the explanation. Then there was nobody left in the drawing-room but Kate alone with John.

The girl turned her eyes upon him with their surprised ingenious look, and then with profound gravity addressed him: "Mr. John, tell me—you know what is best for her better than I do. Is it not convenient to have me now?"

"Convenient!" cried the young man; "how is such a word to be applied to you? It could never be but a delight to all of us—"

"Oh, hush, hush," said Kate; "don't pay me any compliments. You know I am only a stranger, though somehow I feel as if you all belonged to me. It is because your mother has been so kind; and then—you saved my life."

"That was nothing," cried John; "I wish it had cost me something, then I might have felt as if I deserved—"

"What? my thanks?" she said, softly, playing with him.

"No, but to have saved you—for I did save you; though it did not cost me anything," he said, regretfully; "and that is what I shall grudge all my life."

"How very droll you are!" said Kate, after a long look at him, in which she tried to fathom what he meant without making very much of it; "but never mind what it cost you. My opinion is, that, after such a thing as that, people become a sort of relations—don't you think so? and you are bound to tell me when I ask you. Please, Mr. John, is it convenient for your mother to have me now?—should I stay now? I shall be guided by what you say."

He gave an abrupt idiotic laugh, and got up and walked about the room. "Of course you must stay," he said; "of course it is convenient. What could it be else? It would be cruel to leave us so abruptly, after all."

"Well, I am very comfortable," said Kate; "I shall like it. The only thing was for your mother. If she should not want me to stay—but anyhow, the responsibility is upon you now; and so, as Dr. Mitford says, as we have settled that, tell me what we are going to do."

"To do?" said John, with open eyes.

"To amuse ourselves," said Kate; "for I am a stranger, you know. How can I tell how you amuse yourselves in this house?"

"We don't amuse ourselves at all," said John; and as he had been coming nearer and nearer, now he drew a chair close to her sofa, and sat down and gazed at her with a new light in his face. He laughed, and yet his eyes glowed with a serious fire. He was amused and surprised, and yet the serious nature underneath gave a certain meaning to everything. He took the remark not as the natural expression of a frivolous, amusement-loving creature, but as a sudden, sweet suggestion which turned to him all at once the brighter side of life. "I think we have rather supposed that amusement was unnecessary—that it was better, perhaps, not to be happy. I don't know. In England, I suspect, many people think that."

"But you are happy—you must be happy," said Kate. "What! with this nice house, and such a nice dear mother—and Dr. Mitford too, I mean, of course—and just come from the university, which all the men pretend to like so much. I do not believe you have not been happy, Mr. John."

"I am very happy now," said John Mitford, with a dawning faculty for saying pretty things of which he had been himself totally unconscious. He did not mean it as a compliment; and when Kate gave the faintest little shrug of her pretty shoulders, he was bewildered and discouraged. The words were commonplace enough to her, and they were not commonplace but utterly original to him. He was happy, and it was she who had made him so. It never occurred to the young man that any fool could say as much, it was so simply, fully true in his case. And he sat and glowed upon her with his new-kindled eyes. Yes, it was true what she said—she was a stranger, and yet she belonged to them; or rather, she belonged to him. He might not be

worthy of it. He had done nothing to deserve it, and yet through him her life had come back to her. He had saved her. He was related to her as no man else in the world was. Her life had been lost, and he had given it back. His mind was so full of this exulting thought that he forgot to say anything; and as for Kate, she had to let him gaze at her, with amusement at first, then with a blush, and with a movement of impatience at the last.

"Mr. John," she said, turning her head away, and taking up a book to screen her, "I am sure you don't mean to be disagreeable; but—did you never—see—a girl before?"

"Good heavens! what a brute I am!" cried poor John; and then he added humbly, "no, Miss Crediton, I never saw—any one—before."

Upon which Kate laughed, and he, taking courage, laughed too, withdrawing his guilty eyes, and blazing red to his very hair. And when Mrs. Mitford came back, she could not but think that on the whole they had made a great deal of progress. The two fathers were in the library for a long time over that charter, and Kate's merry talk soon beguiled the yielding mother. When the tea came, she sat apart and made it, and watched the young ones with her tender eyes. It seemed to her that she had never seen her boy so happy. "She must have been making fun of me with all that about the clergymen," Mrs. Mitford said to herself; "and but for that, what could I desire more?" And she thought of John's happiness with such a wife, and of Kate's fortune, and of what a blessing it would be if it could be brought about; and sighed—as indeed most people do when it appears to them as if their prayers were about to be granted, and nothing left to them more to desire.

CHAPTER V.

"WELL, Kate, I will leave you here since you wish it," Mr. Crediton said next morning before he went away; "but first I must warn you to mind what you are about. They are very nice people, and have been very good to you—but I think I had rather have left you at home all the same. See that you don't repay good with evil—that's all."

"You must have a very poor opinion of me, papa," said Kate, demurely; "but how could I do that if I were to try?"

Mr. Crediton shook his head. "I have a great mind to carry you off still," he said. "I don't feel at all sure that you have

not begun it already. Kate, there is that young man to whom I owe your life —”

This expression touched her deeply. It was not, to whom *you* owe your life; — that would have been commonplace. “Dear papa,” said Kate, embracing his arm with both hands, and putting down her head upon it, “I always wonder why you took the trouble to care for me so much.”

“I suppose it’s for your mother’s sake,” he answered, looking down upon his child with eyes which were liquid and tender with love; but such a little episode was only for a moment. “Let us come back to our subject,” he said. “Don’t make that boy unhappy, Kate. That would be a very poor return. He looks something of a cub, but they say he is a very good fellow, and he saved your life. Let him alone. He deserves it at your hands.”

“What! to be let alone! What a curious way of showing one’s gratitude!” cried Kate. “No, papa, I know a way worth two of that. He shall be my friend. There shall be no nonsense — that I can promise you; but to pay no attention to him would be horribly ungrateful. I could not do it. Besides, he is very nice — not the sort of man you would ever fall in love with, but very nice — for a friend.”

“Ah! I put no faith in your friends,” said Mr. Crediton, shaking his head. “I have a great mind to take you home after all.”

“But that would be breaking faith with Mrs. Mitford,” said Kate. Her father turned upon her one of those strange, doubtful looks, with which men often compliment women — as much as to say, You wonderful, incomprehensible creature, I don’t know what you would be at. I can’t understand you; but as I must trust you all the same — “Well,” he said, aloud, with a shake of his head, “I suppose you must have your way, but I won’t have this young fellow made game of, Kate.”

“As if I could ever think of such a thing!” she said, indignantly; and thus he had to go at last, not without a qualm of conscience, leaving Kate and her dresses and her maid in possession of the house. She stayed most of the morning in her own room after he had gone, that nobody might say she was too impetuous in her rush upon the prey, but came down to luncheon with all the charming familiarity yet restraint of a young lady staying in the house, ready to be amused, and yet demanding nothing. The first thing she met when she entered the room was John’s eyes watching the door, looking for her. Poor fellow! — those same eyes which had struck her first

when she opened her own in this strange yet so familiar house.

“I do not know that we have ever had a young lady here before. Have we ever had a young lady here before, my dear?” said Dr. Mitford. “As it is an opportunity which does not occur every day, we must make the most of it. Miss Crediton, Mrs. Mitford, of course, has her own occupations, but, so far as the men of the house are concerned, command us — you must let us know what you like best.”

“Oh, please, Doctor Mitford! fancy my dragging you out to go to places with me,” cried Kate. “I should be so dreadfully ashamed of myself! I don’t want to do anything, please. I want you to let me be just as if I were at home. I want to go to the schools, and the poor people, and take walks, and play croquet, as if I belonged to you;” and then she recollected herself, and caught a curious ardent look from John, and a still more curious inquiring one from his mother, and blushed violently, and stopped short all at once.

“But that cannot be,” said Dr. Mitford, who noticed neither the blush nor the sudden pause, and, indeed, did not understand why conversation should be interrupted by such foolish unforeseen accidents. “I hope we are not so regardless of the duties of hospitality as that. Let me think what there is to see in the neighbourhood. What is there to see, John? There is a very interesting Roman camp at Dulchester, and there are some curious remains of the old Abbey at St. Biddulph’s, about which there has been a great deal of controversy; if you are at all interested in archaeology —”

“Oh, please!” cried Kate, and then she gave Mrs. Mitford a piteous look, “don’t let me be a nuisance to any one — pray don’t. I shall be quite happy in the garden, and taking walks about. If I had thought I should be a nuisance to any one I should have gone home.”

“On the contrary,” Dr. Mitford went on in his old-fashioned way, “John and I will feel ourselves only too fortunate. Mrs. Mitford is always busy in the parish — that is her way; but if you will accept my escort, Miss Crediton —”

And the old gentleman waved his hand with old-fashioned gallantry. He was a little old gentleman, with beautiful snow-white hair and a charming complexion, and the blackest of coats and the whitest of linen. He was so clean that it was almost painful to look at him. He was like a Dutch house, all scrubbed and polished, and whitened and blackened to absolute perfection. He was not a man who thought it wrong the-

oretically to be happy, though his son had almost hinted as much; but it never occurred to him to take any trouble about the matter. In short, his nature made no special demands upon him for happiness. If things went well it was so much the better; if not, why, there was no great harm done. He was above the reach of any particular strain of evil fortune. Nothing could be more unlikely than that he should ever have to change his dinner-hour, or any of his favourite habits; and if his wife or his son had been very ill, or had died, or any calamity of that sort had happened, the Doctor hoped he had Christian fortitude to bear it; and anything less than this he could scarcely have realized as unhappiness. Why, then, with the dinner-hour immovable, and everything else comfortably settled, should people trouble themselves searching for amusement? The worst of this principle was, that when it came to be a right and necessary thing to seek amusement — when, for instance, a young lady was staying in the house — Dr. Mitford was a little embarrassed. Amusement had become a duty in such a case, but how was it to be found? So he thought of the Roman camp and the ruins of St. Biddulph's and that was all the length his invention could reach.

"She is not strong enough yet for these long expeditions," said Mrs. Mitford, coming to Kate's aid; "she must be left quite quiet with me, I think. I am sure that will be the doctor's opinion. Yes, my dear, I will take you to the schools; there are some nice little things that it is a pleasure to teach, and there are some of my poor people that I know you could not help liking —"

"Mother, mother, do you think that is what interests Miss Crediton?" said John, with that quick sense of his parents' imperfections which is so common to the young. A Roman camp on the one side, and the old women in the village on the other, proposed as amusement for this bright-eyed fairy creature, to whom every joy and rapture that the world possessed must come natural! Did not music seem to come up about her out of the very earth as she walked, and everything to dance before her, and the flowers to give out sweeter odours, and the very sun to shine more warmly? John was not learned in delights, any more than his father and mother, but yet nothing less than the superlative was good enough for her — to preside over tournaments, and give prizes of love and beauty; to be the queen of the great festivals of poetry; to have everything indefinite and sweet and

splendid laid at her feet. It was so strange that they should not understand!

"I shall delight in seeing the old women," said Kate, with a laugh, which he thought was addressed to him; "but, indeed, I don't think I can teach anything — I am so dreadfully ignorant. You can't think how ignorant I am. We have a school at Fernwood, and I went once and they gave me sums to look over — sums, Mrs. Mitford — only fancy! and I was to tell if they were right or wrong. It was little chits of eight or nine that had them, and I could not have done one for my life; so, please, I can't pretend to teach."

"My dear," said Mrs. Mitford, beaming upon her with maternal eyes, "you are not a clergyman's wife."

"Thank heaven!" said Kate; and then it occurred to her that she had been rude, and the colour stole to her cheek. "Oh, I beg your pardon; I did not mean to be impertinent."

"You were not impertinent, my dear," said Mrs. Mitford, with a sigh. "I dare say you are quite right. One likes one's own lot best, you know; but unless you take to it, there could not be much pleasure in being a clergyman's wife."

"Oh, please, don't think I was rude," cried Kate, "to you, dear Mrs. Mitford, that have been so very, very good to me! All I thought was, that perhaps — now — adays, — but never mind what nonsense came into my head. May I go to see Lizzie's mother? I have been hearing so much about her, and about the trouble they have with the big lads."

"My dear, this is not amusement for a young lady," said Dr. Mitford. "If you will come with me, Miss Crediton, I assure you, you will like it better. I will drive you to the Roman camp. There are some measurements I want to verify. I am writing a paper for the Archæological Society, and they are sad fellows to pick holes in one's coat. You must tell them, John, to have the phaeton out, and I will drive Miss Crediton over to Dulchester this afternoon. We could not have a more charming day."

"And you can call at the Huntleys, and have some tea, Doctor," said Mrs. Mitford; "it is a long drive. Miss Crediton is a friend of theirs. It will be more amusing for her; and if you would ask the girls to come over to-morrow, perhaps we might get up a croquet-party. Frederick Huntley has come home, so that would be another man. There are no young men in the parish, that is the sad thing, when one wants to get up a little party," said Mrs. Mitford,

with depression. She was looking quite weary and miserable, and did not know what to do with herself. Amusement for the young lady staying in the house! How was she to procure it? You feed caterpillars when you collect them with green leaves, and birds have their appropriate seed, and even sea-anemones in an aquarium; but when there are no young men in a parish, how are you to feed a stray young lady? This was the frightful problem which clouded over Mrs. Mitford's soul. And this was complicated by the harder difficulty still, which continually returned upon her—a girl who thanked heaven she was not a clergyman's wife! Was it right to leave such a creature in unfettered intercourse with John?

Kate made one or two ineffectual struggles to deliver herself from her fate, but when she saw the phaeton drive up—an ancient spidery-looking vehicle, with room only for two—her spirit was cowed within her. There was no escape short of being taken suddenly ill, and she could not be so unkind as that. She reserved the card in her hand for future use, should this persecution be continued. "I hope I shan't get ill when Dr. Mitford is so kind," she said, as she was helped into the shabby little carriage. It was the only one they had at Fanshawe, and they thought a great deal of it. It was high, and the wheels were large, and the hood toppled about so, it looked as if it must tumble down on their noses every minute—and Kate had carriages of her own, and knew what was what in this respect; and she did not care in the least about the Roman camp, and the roads were very dusty, and would spoil her clean pretty dress. Nevertheless she had to yield like a martyr, and indeed felt herself very like one as she drove away by Dr. Mitford's side, leaving John standing looking very blank on the lawn. "Why could not he come too?" Kate said to herself; and called him *fainéant* and sluggard in her heart. But, after all, there was no room for John. He watched, feeling much more blank even than she did, as the carriage rattled away and by-and-by was joined by his mother, who, for her part, was rather pleased to get rid of her visitor for half a day at least. Mrs. Mitford laid her hand on her son's shoulder as she came to him, but John took no notice, and only gazed the more at the carriage rattling and grinding and wheezing away.

"My dear boy!" she said, looking at him with tender admiring eyes, and smoothing his sleeve with her soft hand as if she loved it, "don't look after them like that.

You have seen the camp at Dulchester before now."

"Oh yes—fifty times at least," said John, turning away with a derisive grin. "You don't think I care for that?"

"Then why should you look so blank?" said his mother. "Miss Crediton is very nice, but, do you know, I am afraid it will be very hard work entertaining her. I am sure I don't know what to do. If the Huntleys come to-morrow, that will be enough (I hope) for one day. And then we might have a dinner-party; but I can't think she would care for a dinner-party. I am sure I should not at her age. Your papa thinks that is the proper thing; but fancy one of our ordinary parties, with the Fanshawes and the Lancasters and the doctor, and some curate to fill up—what would that be to her?"

"Mamma," said John, "I am sure you are taking a great deal too much trouble. Why not leave Miss Crediton alone? She has gone to-day only to please my father. She does not care for Roman camps any more than I do, nor for a drive in a shabby old phaeton with defective springs."

"My dear, you are doing her injustice," said Mrs. Mitford, with severe loftiness. "She is rather frivolous, I fear; but still, you may be sure Kate understands that to have the Doctor to drive her, and tell her all about the country, is what very few people attain."

To this speech John made no reply. The carriage was out of sight, and even the dust it had raised had dropped peacefully to earth again; but still the young man stood with a dissatisfied face. "I could have taken her for a walk, and she would have liked it better," he said—"at least I should have liked it better; and I am sure she does not want such a fuss made over her, mamma."

"You would have liked it better!" said Mrs. Mitford. "Oh, my dear, dear boy! did you hear what she said this morning, John, about a clergyman's wife?"

"Yes."

"And yesterday what a tirade about clergymen! She made me half angry. As if your papa would have been a better man had he not married me!"

"I don't think that was what she meant," said John. "My father—is—different. One does not think of him, nor of what is. One thinks of what is to be."

"Then, perhaps, you agree with her, and think clergymen should not marry?" said Mrs. Mitford, with a little heat. "O John! if you were to turn out a Ritualist, I think it would break my heart."

"I don't intend to turn out an anything-ist," said John, shutting his face up into an obstinate blank which his mother knew. She gave a sigh, and shook her head, and once more softly stroked his arm.

"And since we are speaking of this," she said, sinking her voice, and smoothing down his sleeve more and more tenderly, with her eyes fixed on it, as if that was the object of her thoughts, "I have one little word to say to you, John — just one word. My dear boy! you are very young, and you don't know the world, nor the ways of girls. She is very pretty, and winning, and all that; but I would not put myself too much at her service, if I were you. It might not be good for yourself — and it might put things in her head."

"Put things in *her* head," echoed poor John. "O mother, mother! as if she would care twopence if she never saw me again! But I know what you mean, and I don't mean to lose my head or my senses. She is out of my reach. I am not so simple but I can see that."

"And that is just what I can't see," said his mother, sharply. "She is not a duchess; but, my dear, the prudent way is to have no more to do with her than just friendliness and civility. I am so glad you see that."

"Oh yes, I see it," John replied, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I'll go and see to the mowing of the lawn, since there's to be croquet to-morrow — a thing I detest," he added, with irritation, as he moved away. Poor John! His mother looked after him, wondering was he really so wise as he said, or was this mere pride and disappointment — or what was it? There had never been a young lady before at Fanshawe Regis since the boy had grown up; for Miss Lancaster at the Priory was nearly old enough to be his mother, and the young Fanshawes were very delicate, and always travelling about in search of health, and the Doctor's little girls were in the nursery. And as for the Huntleys, though they were so rich, they were comparatively new people in the country, and the girls were plain; so that pretty Kate Crediton was doubly dangerous. Ah! if she had only been a good girl — one of those girls who are so common — or at least everybody says so — who adore clergymen, and work slippers for them! Few such young ladies had fallen in Mrs. Mitford's way; but she believed in them, on the authority of the newspapers, as most people do. If Kate had been but one of those, with her nice fortune and her nice position, and her pretty manners and looks, what a thing for John! Mrs. Mitford

heaved a sigh over this dream, which, alas! it seemed but too clear she must relinquish; and with the sigh breathed a prayer that her boy might be protected from all snares, and not led into temptation more than he could bear.

John himself went off peremptorily to the gardener, and disturbed him among his vegetables. He was busy with the cucumbers, and considered the lawn at that moment worse than vanity. But John's temper was up, thanks to his father who had thus carried her off from him under his very nose, and poor Roots had no chance against him. When he had effectually spoiled that poor man's morning work, the young fellow went off sullenly enough with his fishing-rod. She was out of his reach. She thanked heaven she was no clergyman's wife; but yet — The only man in the world, so far as John knew, who had any right to her was himself — more right than her father. Her life was his, for he had given it back to her. Of all ties on earth, could there be one more binding? not that he meant to make any ungenerous use of his claim, or even to breathe it in words; but yet he knew it, and she knew it. He had given her back her life.

CHAPTER VI.

As for Kate and Dr. Mitford, they did not know very well what to say to each other. "What a charming day!" the girl said at intervals; "and what a pretty country! I never knew it until I took that unfortunate ride."

"Don't speak of that," said the old gentleman; "at least don't speak of it so. It was a most fortunate ride, I am sure, for us."

"It makes me giddy when I think of it," said Kate, shutting her eyes.

"You are very fond of riding, I suppose? I am always rather nervous when I see a lady on a spirited horse. You are very charming riders, and very full of courage, and all that," said the Doctor who was himself considerably bothered by the mild animal he was driving; "but it requires a man's hand, my dear Miss Crediton. These are some things, believe me, that require a man's hand."

"Yes, no doubt," said Kate, politely, longing all the time to take the reins into her own small nervous fingers. Dr. Mitford had a nice little white soft hand — a clergyman's hand — without any bone or fibre. "We made up our minds quite suddenly," she went on, "that we would go back from Humbledon to Camelford, riding. I had often heard of Fanshawe Regis, but I never saw it before."

"Most people have heard of Fanshawe Regis," said the Doctor. "I consider my library one of the lions of the country — not that it is so very old, only Elizabethan, or, at the farthest, Henry the Seventh; but household architecture is a thing by itself. We expect the Archæological Society to hold its next meeting at Camelford, and then I hope much light may be thrown upon our antiquities. We shall make an excursion to Dulchester, Miss Crediton, and you must come with us there."

"Oh, I am sure I am much obliged," said Kate.

"You would enjoy that," said Dr. Mitford. "Downy is sure to be there from Oxford, and I should not wonder if he gave a lecture on it. He is one of the very great guns. He understands more about it than almost any man in England, I must say, to do him justice. But almost is not all, my dear Miss Crediton; and when you see a man setting himself up for an authority in presence of others who —" Here the Doctor stopped, and laughed a conscious complacent laugh; by which Kate perceived that Dr. Mitford himself was a greater authority still, or at least thought he was.

"It is very funny," said Kate, "but I shall be better off going with you than if I had half-a-dozen archæological societies. I feel quite sure of that."

"Well, well, we must not brag," said Dr. Mitford, waving his white hand softly. "This camp, you must know, was one of the camps of Agricola, which he made on his journey northwards. It is constructed —"

And so the narrative went on. Kate kept looking up at him with her bright eyes, and said yes, and said no, and made herself very agreeable; but I cannot undertake to say that she was much the better for it. In the first place, she took no interest whatever in Roman camps, and then she had a good deal on her mind. What was John about all this time? Why did not he manage to get into the phaeton in his father's place, and drive her? If the horse had not been the meekest and most long-suffering of animals, Kate felt that there must have been another running away, and another accident. And her recent experience had made her nervous. When she had received an immense deal of information about the *castrum* which she was going with so little enthusiasm to visit, she suddenly caught a glimpse of a group of turrets among the trees, and gave a start, which made Dr. Mitford and his horse swerve aside, and shook the hood of the

phaeton so that it nearly descended upon the party, burying them alive.

"Oh, there is Westbrook, where the Huntleys live!" cried Kate. "I beg your pardon, Dr. Mitford, I am sure. Mrs. Mitford said we were to call. Don't you think we had better go now, in case they should be out? There was a message, you know, that you were to give."

"Oh, about croquet," said the Doctor, and his brow was slightly ruffled. He would not allow, even to himself, that his instruction was slighted; but still he felt that she had been able to see the towers of Westbrook at the very moment when he was affording her every information. But he was too polite to make any objection. Westbrook was a very fine house, but its turrets were new, and its wealth had been made, not inherited, for which half the country said, "So much the more credit to the Huntleys;" and all the country, even the poor clergymen and the country doctors, looked down upon them, though not upon their parties, which were unexceptionable. Mr. Crediton being himself only a banker, had not much indulged in this universal condescension; and Kate was very glad to bethink herself of the Huntleys at this special moment. They were better than Dulchester, and the phaeton with the unsteady hood. There were two sons and two daughters. The girls were plain, and no way remarkable; neither was Willie, the second son; but Fred was very clever — so clever that nobody knew what was to be done with him. He had taken a first-class at Oxford, and done everything else a young man can do that is gratifying and honourable. He was fellow of his college, and was understood to be able to do anything he pleased in the way of scholarship or literature. If he had but taken the trouble to write, a great many people were of opinion that he would have beaten Tennyson hollow; but he was indolent, and satisfied with his position, and had as much as ever he could desire without doing anything for it. And consequently, his great gifts were unexercised. The country, however, which had been cold to his family, and patronized them, acknowledged that such condescension would be out of character to a man who had taken a first-class. And thus the Huntleys had risen in popular estimation. Kate recalled Mrs. Mitford's words to her mind as they drove unwillingly up to the great door. "Frederick is at home." She had known Frederick for years, but he was too much self-absorbed, Kate thought, even to care for any girl; and so it happened that not

even flirtation had ever passed between them. "That prig to play croquet!" she said to herself, with a shrug of her shoulders; and then she sprang down, and received a farewell blow from the hood of the phaeton upon her pretty bonnet. Poor Kate! It was all she could do to restrain herself from shaking her little fist at it. The tears almost came to her eyes as she straightened the injured bonnet with her hands. Was it an evil omen? for the Huntleys were out, all but Mrs. Huntley — and the girls were engaged for next day; and Willie had gone to town; and Fred — "My dear, you know I never can answer for Fred," his mother said, with pride. "He has his own engagements, and all sorts of thing to do."

"Oh yes, to be sure; it is not likely he would stoop so far as to play croquet," said Kate; "but I am only giving Mrs. Mitford's message. You know it is not me that asks. I will tell her what you say."

"Tell her I am so sorry," said Mrs. Huntley. "I know what it is to be disappointed when one tries to get up any little thing impromptu, and the girls would have been so glad, and so would Willie — but she knows I cannot answer for Fred. Dr. Mitford, I am so sorry Mr. Huntley is not at home, nor my son. If they had known there was the least chance of seeing you! But now you have come, you must have some tea."

"I thank you, my dear madam," said the Doctor, "but we have still a good way to go. I am taking Miss Crediton to see the Roman camp at Dulchester. It is not often I go so far, but you know I pretend to a little antiquarian knowledge —"

"Oh, a little indeed!" said Mrs. Huntley; "we all know what that means. You may be very proud, Kate, to have such a cicerone. I can't tell you how I sigh for you, Doctor, when we have people down from town, and they go to see the camp. Oh, don't ask me, I always beg of them — you should hear all about it if Dr. Mitford were here."

"Well, one has one's little bits of information, of course," said Dr. Mitford, with a deprecating wave of the hand; "one's hobby, I suppose the young people would call it. I am very glad that Frederick has got his fellowship. It must be a great satisfaction to his father and you."

"Well, we were pleased, of course," said the lady; "though, but for the honour of the thing, it did not matter to Fred. I often say how odd it is that such things should fall to him who don't want them, when so many poor fellows, to whom it would be a real

blessing, fail. He has no business to have the money and the brains too."

"That must make it all the more agreeable," said the Doctor, with a stiff bow; and the looks of the two parents made Kate wonder suddenly whether John had been successful in his university career. Poor fellow! he did not look remarkably bright. There was no analogy between his looks and Fred Huntley's sharp clever face — but then he was some years younger than Fred.

"Won't you be persuaded to stay to dinner?" said Mrs. Huntley; "you never can get back in time for your own. We have not seen Kate for ages, nor you either, Dr. Mitford. Do stay — my husband and all of them will be back before dinner. Mr. Huntley will be so vexed and disappointed if I let you go."

"But Dulchester, my dear lady," said the Doctor, rising and making her a bow.

"Oh, Dulchester! — is your heart so much set upon it, Kate?"

Fortunately Kate glanced at her guide before she replied, and saw that he was red with mortification, anticipating her answer. "Oh dear, yes! my heart is set upon it," she cried. "Dr. Mitford has come all the way to make me understand; and, indeed, it is getting late, and we must not stop, even for tea."

"I will go and see that the carriage is brought round," said her old cavalier, with alacrity; and he shook hands with Mrs. Huntley, who mimicked him as soon as his back was turned with a sweep of her hand and smirk of affability which tried Kate's gravity much. "Oh, my dear, you don't know what you are going to encounter," she said, in a rapid undertone, as soon as he was gone. "I tried to save you from it, but you would not back me up. He is the most dreadful old bore —"

"Hush! I am staying in his house, and they have been very, very kind," said Kate, with a sudden blush.

"Staying in their house! I must speak to your papa about that, who never will let you come to us. But I did not know you knew the Mitfords, Kate."

"We did not know them — but — my horse ran away with me — and Dr. Mitford's — son — saved my life."

This Kate gave forth very slowly, with eyes that glittered with sudden excitement; and Mrs. Huntley, for her part, received the news with the most eager interest.

"Oh, was it you?" she cried. "We heard something of it. They say it was quite a wonder that he didn't lose his own life. But, dear me, Kate! after anything

so interesting, how was it that he didn't drive you himself instead of his papa?"

"I suppose, because he was never consulted," said Kate, with some indignation; "and I must not keep Dr. Mitford waiting. Mrs. Mitford has been so good to me — oh, so kind! She has nursed me as if I had been her own child; and papa let me stay, he was so grateful to them. I don't know, I am sure, what the son did for me, but I know what the mother has done. She was as kind as if I had been her own child."

"Her own child!" Mrs. Huntley repeated to herself, with bewilderment, when Kate ran down-stairs; "oh yes, indeed! *that* one can easily understand. What a nice thing for John! But I am sure I should never think of such a little flirt for one of my sons, however rich she was — a spoiled child!"

This would have hurt Kate's feelings if she had heard it, for she thought she was a favourite of Mrs. Huntley's — and so indeed she was; but it is hard upon a woman to hear unmoved that somebody else's son has been braver, abler, more successful than her son, even though, as she reminded herself with a toss of her head, her boys had no need for that sort of thing, thank heaven! "Fred shall go, if I can persuade him," she said within herself, "and spoil *that* John's game, though they think so much of him;" and yet there was not a shadow of a reason why Mrs. Huntley should thwart *that* John.

After this Kate had to do the camp, and did it with a heroic show of interest. She got through it, looking up into Dr. Mitford's face with such bright and vivid looks that the good man felt he had at last found a congenial soul. Kate bore this, and she bore the assaults of the unsteady hood, though it gave her yet another thump upon her bonnet, which nearly made an end of that ornament. But there are limits to human nature, and she was very glad when she found herself approaching home. She called the Rectory home with the frankest satisfaction, such as would have awakened many thoughts in Mrs. Mitford's mind. It was sweet to see the pretty irregular house in the evening light, with its shadow turned to the east and all its windows open, and the great sheaves of lilies sending forth their fragrance. John suddenly appeared to open the gate as they drove up, as if he had sprung from the earth; and his mother was standing on the lawn with her white shawl thrown over her, like another flower; and the expedition was over, and the *castrum* done with, and Dr. Mitford pleased, and the bonnet, perhaps, not spoiled for ever. Kate was so glad that she gave Mrs. Mit-

ford an unexpected kiss as she jumped lightly down. "How nice it is to have some one waiting for us!" she said, with almost tearful earnestness — the poor motherless girl! Mrs. Mitford was touched by the accent, and Kate was touched herself, though of course she must have known how much of her emotion was delight at being free of what she considered a bore. But it was not all that either, and there was some real feeling in the girl's perverse little heart.

"I am so grieved they cannot come," said Mrs. Mitford, when they were all seated at dinner, which had been delayed. "I am so sorry, my dear, for you; but perhaps you might try a game with John, and the party could be asked for another day."

"I am so glad," said Kate. "It is so nice to escape the croquet-parties, and all the stuff one has to think about at home."

"But, my dear, you must miss your amusements," said Mrs. Mitford. "I should not think a quiet life was the kind of life for you."

"Changes are what I like," said Kate, bravely. "I could not live always in a turmoil, and I could not live always in a hermitage. I should like sometimes the one and sometimes the other. The dreadful thing would be, to be always the same."

Mrs. Mitford gave her son a piteous look, and then cast an instinctive glance round the room. She did not herself feel the full meaning that was in her eyes. She glanced at all the signs of her own changeless existence. For years and years she had visited the same places at the same hours, sat down to the same engagements, discharged the same duties. The dinner-party, which, contrary to her own lights, she was going to give in honour of Kate, would have the same people at it as had been at her first dinner-party after her wedding. She said to herself that if John were rich he could give his wife a great deal more change; but still there remained the fact that John's wife would have the parish to think of, and the schools, and the old women. It would not do, alas! it could not do, Mrs. Mitford concluded, as she rose from dinner with a sigh. And yet it would be such a thing for John.

And to see poor John's miserable look when he came into the drawing-room, and found that Kate had a headache and had gone to bed! "It must have been that confounded camp," he said, through his teeth, which grieved his mother more.

"Oh, my dear, don't swear," she said; "things are bad enough without that."

"What things? and what do you mean, mother," growled John.

"It is — that girl. I am so sorry she came here — so sorry you saved her, John; that she should come when no one wanted her, disturbing my boy!"

"Sorry I saved her! Are you mad, mother?" cried her son.

"Oh, you know I did not mean that. I am glad she is saved, poor thing — very glad; but oh, John, my dear, why should she come disturbing you? You must not think anything more about her, my own boy. See what pains she takes to show you it is no use. She could not live where it is always the same! Oh, John, after so many warnings, if you fall into her wiles at last!"

"What folly!" he said, leaving her, and throwing himself on a sofa in a dark corner, where the light of the lamp did not reach him. The anxious mother could no longer see his face. It was not with her as in days past, when he would poke into the light, under the shade of the lamp, and put his book on the top of her work, getting many a tender scold for it, or read aloud to her, which was her greatest pleasure. The Doctor was in his study, busy with his paper for the Archaeological Society, and as indifferent to his wife's loneliness as if she had been his housekeeper. Mrs. Mitford had long ago got over that. She had accepted it as the natural course of affairs that your husband should go back to his study after dinner. Perhaps it would have plagued more than pleased her now had he suddenly made his appearance in the drawing-room. What she liked was to get her work or her knitting (John's socks, which she always made with her own hands), and listen, in a soft rapture of ineffable content, as he read to her. It did not matter much what he read; his voice, and the work in her hand, and the consciousness that her boy was there, wrapt her in a silent atmosphere of happiness. But now how different it was! The doctor by himself in his study, and Kate by herself in her chamber, and the mother and son, with almost the whole breadth of the room between them, each in a corner, he in the dark, she in the light, alone too. And it was all *that girl's* fault. It was she who was making him unhappy.

"John, won't you read to me a little, dear?" said his mother from the table.

"I can't to-night," he answered from the sofa, glad that his face was not visible. He was so vexed and disappointed and mortified, coming in full of the expectation of a long evening in Kate's society, and finding her gone. A year or two ago it would have

brought tears to John's eyes. He was a man now, and it was not possible to cry, but he was so disappointed that he could scarcely endure himself. Mrs. Mitford bore his silence and his absence as long as she could. It went to her heart — but she was all mother, down to the tips of her fingers; and though it gave her a deep wound to think her boy had thus given her over, she could not bear to see him unhappy. She laid down her work at last, and stole out of the room, wondering if he noticed her going, and went and knocked at Kate's door. "My dear, I have just made the tea, and it smells so refreshing. I thought, if you had not gone to bed, a cup would do you good," she said, coming in and taking Kate's hand. Her eyes were so wistful, such an unspoken prayer was in her face, that a glimmering of what she must mean just flashed upon Kate.

"How good of you to come and tell me! May Parsons go down and bring me a cup?" said the girl. She had been seated by the open window, with the breath of the lilies stealing up from the dark garden, and a reverie had stolen over her, about nothing in particular; only the soft night was in it, and the lilies, and the vague delights of youth. I almost think she had felt John Mitford's incipient undeveloped sentiment breathing up to her in the vagueness and darkness, with an indefinite purpose, like the flowers. And Kate had no mind to leave this sweet confusion of dreams and odours and far-off suggestion, for actual talk and commonplace intercourse; and her first impulse was to get rid of her visitor, if that might be.

"It would lose all its fragrance coming up-stairs," said Mrs. Mitford. "You have not begun to undress, or even taken down your pretty hair; come down, my dear, for half an hour. — I know it will do your head good. You know, everybody says ours is such good tea."

"Don't I know it!" said Kate; "but —"

"But I can't take any refusal," said Mrs. Mitford, drawing the girl's arm within her own. Oh, how little she wanted her at that moment, had the truth been known! and yet she coaxed and wooed her as if it were a personal grace. And the girl yielded, thinking more a great deal of the sweetness of being thus sought and coaxed by the mother, than of the son who was sitting in the dumps on the sofa in the dark corner down stairs.

"If you want me," she said, with a faint accent of inquiry, and gave Mrs. Mitford a soft little kiss. "I think mamma must

have been like you," she said in apology, a remark which confused John's mother, and made her feel guilty. It was not kindness to this motherless creature that moved her, but the maternal passion which paused at nothing which could give pleasure to her boy.

John was standing in the open window hesitating whether he should plunge out into the darkness, when he heard the voices of the two ladies coming back, and all the room immediately filled with radiance and splendour. In a moment he was back again, standing, hovering over Kate, who sank into an easy-chair close to the light, and gave herself up to the delights of the promised cup of tea. He did not say a dozen words to her all the rest of the evening, but he was happy; and she lying back at her ease, with the consciousness of an admiring audience, chattered and sipped, and was happy too. It did not occur to Kate that every word she said was being closely criticized by the woman who had gone to seek her, who was basking in the pleasant rays of her youth, and smiling at all her nonsense and chatter, and looking so wistfully at her by times. She thought she had made a conquest of Mrs. Mitford *too*, and was pleased and proud. "I cannot be just a little flirt and a stupid," Kate was saying to herself, "for Mrs. Mitford is fond of me *too*." And with this pleasant sense of having an utterly indulgent audience, she rattled on more freely than she had ever before found it possible to do. And Mrs. Mitford made secret notes of all the nonsense, and laid up in her memory everything that was said. And then the Doctor came in from his study, and the bell was rung, and the servants appeared dimly, and sat down in a row against the further wall where it was dark; and they had prayers. Mrs. Mitford was scrupulous about having a shade over the lamp — she thought it was good for the eyes — so that there was one brilliant spot round the table, and all the rest was dim and vague, darkness deepening into the corners, and intensifying to a centre in the great window full of night, the open abyss into the garden all sweet with roses and lilies, through which there puffed by times the summer wind. Now that the tea-things were removed, it was Dr. Mitford's white head, and his open book, and the whiter hand which was laid upon it, that were the foremost objects in the room; and in the middle distance among the shadows was Mrs. Mitford; and at the back, like ghosts, the maids and the man. Kate joined very devoutly in the prayers, and felt glad she had come down-stairs. "How good they

are, how quiet it is, how nice to have prayers! and oh, what sweetness in the air!" she said to herself, when she ought to have been praying. It was novel to her, and the composition of the picture was so pretty. And they were all so kind — fond of her, indeed. Kate went back to her room, when all was over, with a soft complacency and satisfaction with herself possessing her heart.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next afternoon John and Kate were on the lawn, with Mrs. Mitford sitting by, when Fred Huntley suddenly rode in at the gate. The two young people had no particular inclination for croquet, but the lawn had been mowed, and Mrs. Mitford had given up her schools for one day, and seated herself outside the drawing-room window to countenance their intercourse. She did not take any part in their talk, but knitted with as much placidity as she could command, having reasoned with herself all the night through, and finally made up her mind that it would be better for her to take no part, but let things take their course. "If I try to influence her, she will think I have interested motives; and if I try to influence him, my boy will turn against me," she had said to herself, piteously, shedding a few silent tears under cover of the night; and her decision had been, that she would only stand by and look on, that was all. For the first time in his life John's mother felt herself incapable of helping, or guiding, or being of any service to her boy. She had to see him face the danger, and say nothing — the danger on one hand of being secularized, and his heart turned to frivolity; and on the other, of having that heart broken. Which was the worse his mother could scarcely tell.

So these two were trifling, each with a mallet, and talking, and getting more and more interested in each other, when Fred Huntley, as I have said, rode suddenly in upon them. He gave a very keen knowing glance at the two on the lawn, as he passed them to pay his respects to Mrs. Mitford. Was it her doing? was it their own doing? Fred caught the secret of the situation as a well-trained man of the world would naturally do. He had first a natural impulse to interfere; and then he paused and stopped himself, and declared to himself that he would not spoil sport. He was a man to whom generous thoughts came not, as is natural, by impulse, but upon thought. And after all, why should he meddle with them? If she married John, it would be a good thing for John, and, most likely, for

her too — and why should I interfere? said Fred, without a doubt of his capability to do so; so he went and talked to Mrs. Mitford, while the two on the lawn pursued their languid sport. "I hate him," Kate had said on his arrival; "let us pretend we have begun a game;" and John was but too happy — too much delighted, by the suggestion. So they kept the lawn to themselves, and trifled and talked, while Fred talked with the chaperon over her knitting. He had come to make the apologies of his family, expecting to find an assemblage of ladies with John in the midst, the one island of black among clouds of muslin. The ladies in Fanshawe Regis were not even young, and consequently it was a relief to him to see one pretty figure only, and the mother sitting by; and he did his best to make himself agreeable, having, as it happened, a more interesting subject than "le beau temps et la pluie."

"I hear John has been distinguishing himself," he said; and though he did not in the least intend it, there was something in his tone which made Mrs. Mitford flush red to the edge of her hair, and raise herself stiffly on her seat. The truth was, John had been in competition with Fred more than once at college, and had not been held to have distinguished himself, which naturally drove his mother to arms at the first word.

"Not anything particular that I am aware of," she said, drawing herself up stiffly; "he always is the best son and the kindest heart in the world."

"But about Miss Crediton," said Fred. "Oh, that was a mere accident," said John's mother. "You see he can't help having a warm heart, and being so big and strong."

Fred was fully three inches shorter than John, and in this way at least he had never distinguished himself. "To be sure, that is an easy way of accounting for it," he said, with much command of temper. "It must be very nice to be big and strong, and especially when pretty girls and heiresses are in danger in one's way."

"Is she an heiress?" said Mrs. Mitford, with the most innocent face in the world.

"Well, rather," said Fred; and here the little passage of arms came to a close. "My sisters were very sorry they could not come," he went on after an interval, during which he had been intently watching the two figures on the lawn. "They sent all kinds of messages, but I fear I have lost them on the way. They could scarcely have been more sorry had it been a dance

— and what could a young lady say more?"

"I wish they could have come," said Mrs. Mitford; and just then Lizzie came and whispered something in her ear. "Will you excuse me for two minutes, Mr. Huntley? It is one of my poor people. I am so sorry to be rude, and go away."

Fred said something that was very polite, and went slowly towards the croquet-players as she left him. He thought Kate was very pretty — he had never seen her look so pretty. She was dressed in fresh muslin all but white, with her favourite blue ribbons, and looked so dainty, so refined, such a little princess beside John's somewhat heavy, large figure. Not but what he looked a gentleman too — but a rural gentleman, a heavy-weight, and standing side by side with a creature made of sunshine and light. Fred Huntley had never admired Kate particularly heretofore, but he did that day, and wondered at himself. He sauntered up to them, watching their looks and movements, and stood by and criticized their play. "Miss Crediton, you have it all in your own hands," he said. "He has not the heart to hit your ball. You have nothing to do but go in and win. My good fellow, I never saw such bad play!"

"As if one cared for winning!" said Kate, dragging her mallet along the grass. "What do we all play croquet for, I wonder?" And she gave vent to her feelings in a delicate yawn, and sank into the chair which John had brought out for her. He had placed it under the shadow of a graceful acacia, which kept dropping its white blossoms at her feet, and the two young men drew near and looked at her. Fred was much the more ready of the two, so far as talk was concerned.

"That is a tremendous question," he said. "It is as bad as if you had invited us to clear up the origin of evil. But there is nobody like women for going to the bottom of things. We do it because somebody once considered it pleasant, I suppose."

"Or because we are believed to have nothing else to do," said John.

"Then why can't we be permitted to do nothing? It tires me to death standing about in the sun," said Kate, in a plaintive voice. "I'd rather lean back and be comfortable, and listen to the leaves. I'd rather even have you two sit down here in the shade," and she waved her hand like a little princess towards the turf on each side of her, "and quarrel about something, so long as you did not come to blows. Talk

— oh, please, talk about something women are not supposed to understand.”

“By all means,” said Fred, throwing himself down at her feet; “what shall it be? Sophocles, or steam-engines, or the Darwinian theory? Mitford is up in everything, I know, and one has a few vague ideas on general subjects — which shall it be?”

But John said nothing. He stood bending towards her with that great tall, somewhat heavy figure of his. He had been talking not unagreeably so long as the two were alone, but Fred's interposition quenched him. He stood with an inexpressible something in his look and attitude, which said, “I am here to watch over you, to serve you, not to take my ease and talk nonsense in your presence,” which brought a little colour to Kate's cheeks. She looked at the young men in turn, involuntarily contrasting the ease of the man of the world with the almost awkwardness of the other. Under such circumstances one knows what the verdict of a frivolous girl would naturally be. One of them could enter into all her habitual chatter, and give her all her nonsense back. He was handsomer than John Mitford, though neither was an Adonis. He was more successful; he had the *prestige* about him of a man of intellect, and yet he was just like other people. Whereas John, without the *prestige*, was unlike other people. Kate looked at them with a curious impression on her mind, as if she were making that grand decision which the heroes of olden time used to be called upon to make between the true and the false — between Pleasure and Goodness. A slight shiver went over her, she could not tell why. Neither of them was asking anything of her at that moment. As for Fred Huntley, he had never shown the slightest inclination to ask anything of her, and yet in some mysterious way she felt as if she were deciding her fate.

“You are cold — let me go and get you a shawl,” said John.

“Oh, it is nothing. It is because I have been ill. I never was so stupid in all my life before. Thanks, Mr. Mitford, that is so nice,” said Kate. But she was not cold, though she accepted the shawl he brought her. She was trembling before her fate. And it was John to whom some unseen counselor seemed to direct her. It was John she liked best, she said to herself. His was the good face, the tender eyes, the loyal soul. Why such a crisis should come upon her in the middle of a game at croquet, Kate could not imagine; nor why her innocent intention of bewildering poor John's being for

him, and giving a sharp tug at his heart-strings by way of diversion, should have changed all at once into this sudden compulsion of fate upon herself to choose or to reject. Such nonsense! when nobody was asking her — nobody thinking of such a thing! She got out of it precipitately, with the haste of fear, not knowing or caring what nonsense she spoke. “You make me so uncomfortable when you stand like that,” she cried. “Sit down, as Mr. Huntley has done. There are only us three, and why should we make martyrs of ourselves? and when Mrs. Mitford comes back you can go and bring her chair under this tree. Mr. Huntley, are you going to the ball at the Castle when the young Earl comes of age?”

“I had not heard anything about it,” said Fred. “I don't care for balls in a general way; but if you are to be there, Miss Crediton —”

“Of course you will go,” said Kate; “Oh, I understand that. I wish you gentlemen would now and then say something a little original. Mr. Mitford, I suppose I must not ask if you are going, or you will answer me the same?”

“No, I don't think there is any chance that I shall go,” he said, with a smile, “not even if you are there.”

“That is not original,” said Fred, “it is only ringing the changes. But I suppose you will be going up to the bishop then, Mitford, eh? When is it? You ought not to speak to him about balls, and tempt him, Miss Crediton, at this moment of his life.”

Kate started a little in spite of herself. “Is it so near as that? Oh, Mr. Mitford, is it true?”

“Quite true,” John answered, facing her, with a certain faltering steadiness which she found it hard to understand; “but I don't think the temptation of balls, so far as that goes, is likely to do me much harm.”

“And I hope you are all right in other respects, old fellow,” said Fred Huntley, suddenly, in an undertone. “You are not going to do anything that will make you uncomfortable, I hope. You are not going to make any sacrifice of — of opinion — of — I remember the talks we used to have long ago.”

“I am not going to sacrifice my conscience, if that is what you mean,” said John, shortly, growing very red; “but this is not the moment for such a discussion.”

“I wonder where Mrs. Mitford can be for so long,” cried Kate, rushing into the conversation; “it must be some of her poor people. I think, as the croquet has been a failure, I shall go and see; but in the mean-

time, Mr. Huntley, tell me what the girls are about, and where they are going. Are they to pay as many visits this year as they did last? or are you going to have your house full of people? Papa has asked some hundreds to Fernwood, I believe. I hate autumn and the shooting, and all the people that come from town. Why should the poor partridges lose their lives and we our tempers every year, as soon as September comes? It is very hard upon us both. Or else you all go off to the grouse, and then there is not a man left in the place to fill a corner at dinner. What harm have those poor birds ever done to you?"

"They are very nice to eat," said Fred, "and I suppose if we did not kill them they'd kill us in time. But, Miss Crediton, you are too philosophical. May not a man play croquet or shoot partridges without rendering a reason? One does so many things without any reason at all."

"Well," said Kate, smothering another yawn, "if you will not say anything that is amusing, or argue, or do anything I tell you, I shall go and look for Mrs. Mitford. I don't think it is quite proper to sit here by myself and talk to two gentlemen, especially as you let me do almost all the talking. And it is hot out of doors. I will go in till tea is ready; but, Mr. John, you do not need to trouble yourself. There is not even a door to open. I shall go in at the window. Pray don't come," she added, in a lower tone, as he followed her across the lawn; "go and talk to *him*."

"I would much rather attend upon you, even though you don't want me," said John, with a half-audible sigh.

"But I do want you," said Kate, touched by his tone, "you are always so good to me; and I can't bear *him*, with his chatter and talk. Do keep him away as long as you can — until we call you in to tea."

And then she gave the poor fellow a little nod of friendship, and a smile which dazzled him. He went away strengthened in his soul to be more than civil to Fred Huntley — poor Fred, upon whom this sunshine had not fallen — whom, indeed, she was inclined to avert her countenance from. He strolled about the garden with that unfortunate but unconscious being for half an hour, and then took him to see the church, which was a fine one, wondering in himself all the time when that summons would come to tea. Huntley seemed abstracted too, and it came natural to John to think that everybody must be moved as he himself was, and that it was absence from *her* which made a cloud over the visitor. Their conversation strayed to a hundred other subjects as they strolled

gravely up and down. They talked of the doings in Parliament, of the newspapers, of the county member, of the nature of the county architecture, of the difference in point of age between the chancel and the nave of Fanshawe Regis church, which was a question much discussed in antiquarian circles; but it was not until a full hour had elapsed that anything was said of Kate. At last, —

"By the by," said Huntley, "what was that accident that happened to Miss Crediton? One hears different accounts of it all over the country, and she does not seem to know very well herself."

"It was not much," said John, with rising colour. "Her horse ran away with her — he was making for the cliff, you know, at Winton, that overhangs the river — I beg your pardon, but the thought makes me sick — and I stopped him — that's all."

"But how did you stop him?"

"It does not greatly matter," said John; "I did somehow. I don't know much more about it than she does. And don't speak of it to her, for heaven's sake! She does not know what an awful danger she escaped."

"But surely she knows what happened?" said Fred.

"Oh yes — she knows, and she does not know. I tell you I don't know myself. Don't say anything more about it, please."

"That is all very well, my dear fellow," said Huntley; "but Kate Crediton is an heiress, and a very nice girl; and if you were to go in for her, I can tell you it would be a very good thing for you."

This time John grew pale — so pale that the keen observer by his side was filled with sudden consternation, and could not make it out. "Suppose in the meantime, we go in to tea," he said, with a curious sternness. Not another word was said, for Huntley was too much a man of the world to repeat an unpalatable piece of advice; but he was rather relieved, on the whole, when the ceremonial was over, the tea swallowed, and half an hour of talk in the drawing-room added on to the talk on the lawn. "I should like to know what *she* means by it," Fred said to himself, indignantly, as he rode home to dinner. John Mitford was a simpleton, an innocent, an ass, if you please; but Kate knew what was what, and must have some idea where she was drifting. And what could she mean, did anybody know?

She herself did not know, at least. She was very good to John all that evening, asking him questions about his Oxford life, and humouring him in a hundred little ways,

of which he himself was but half conscious. And after dinner it so happened that they were left in the garden together, for Mrs. Mitford had relaxed a little in the sternness of the chaperon's duties, which were new to her, and began to forget that the boy and girl were each other's natural enemies. It was a lovely night, and Kate lingered and walked round and round the old house till she was compelled at last to acknowledge herself tired. And John, well pleased, gave her his arm; and it was only when she had accepted that support, and had him at a vantage, that she put the question she had been meditating. The soft air enclosed them round and round, and the soft darkness, and all the delicate odours and insensible sounds of night. He could scarcely see her, and yet she was leaning on him

with her face raised and his bent, each toward the other. Then it was, with just a little pressure of his arm to give emphasis to her question, that she opened her batteries upon him at one *coup*.

"Is it really true," she said, with a certain supplication in her voice, "that you are determined to be a clergyman, Mr. John?"

"True!" he said, staggering under it as he received the blow, and in his confusion not knowing what to say.

"Yes, true. Will you tell me? I should so very much like to know."

And then John's heart stood still for one painful moment. The question was so easy to ask, and the answer was not so easy. He drew his breath like a man drowning, before he could muster strength to reply.

MR. SPURGEON. — Those who go to listen to Mr. Spurgeon at the present day with notions derived from the reputation he earned for himself in the past, will unquestionably be disappointed. He no longer indulges in those indecent and even blasphemous eccentricities which did so much originally to attract notice to his preaching. He still says startling things, and it is by no means uncommon to see a broad smile flit across the faces of his congregation, even when he is speaking about the most solemn subjects; but the extravagance of his earlier days is toned down, and you will search in vain through the printed copies of the sermons he has preached of late years for anything which is positively shocking or indecent. The writer, for his part, must declare that he went to listen to Mr. Spurgeon as strongly prejudiced against him as any one could well have been; but that after hearing him preach at least half a dozen times, and after reading more than a score of his printed sermons, he finds his old prejudices entirely destroyed. In their place he is free to confess that he entertains a very lively admiration of the popular preacher's simplicity and earnestness. He has no respect for his literary powers, nor has he any sympathy with the forbidding character of much of his theological creed, but he has never heard a preacher who was able to impress his audience with such a sense of his own earnestness and sincerity by means so simple as those which Mr. Spurgeon uses to effect this end. His sermons are, like his prayers, entirely extempore. The preacher stands in front of his platform, pocket-Bible in hand, and pours out in that wonderful voice of his a discourse which is always telling, and which would be really eloquent were a little more pains taken with its composition. To literary merit, however, Mr. Spurgeon does not apparently aspire, nor does he ever seek to indulge in rhe-

torical fireworks above the heads of his congregation. On the contrary, his first object appears to be to talk, in the simplest manner, to each person before him. Anecdotes, some of them rather too ludicrous, one would think, to be used with propriety in the pulpit, quaint illustrations and expressions, the constant use of Scriptural phrases, and forcible personal appeals to his hearers, make up the stock-in-trade of Mr. Spurgeon as a preacher. When you analyze his sermons you marvel at the effect they have produced; but when you listen to them as a whole, rolled forth by that magnificent voice, and evidently coming straight from the heart of a man terribly in earnest, you cease to wonder at their success. This man, the most popular preacher of his generation is also the most simple preacher to whom we ever listened. That there are many drawbacks to the pleasure of listening to him we need hardly say. In all his sermons the narrowness alike of his theological creed and his personal opinions, is clearly manifested. He does not scruple at times to harangue his congregation on a Sunday morning upon the political events of the past week; but even when he does not do this, it is impossible to mistake his political creed. He regards the Church Establishment as a monstrous iniquity; he looks upon the Conservative party as a herd composed of designing knaves and ignorant dupes. He is as free in praising "William Ewart Gladstone" as the *Daily Telegraph* itself.

St James's Magazine.

A NOVEL scheme of universalism has been broached at Benares, in a project for a Church of Truism, one-third to be appropriated to Christian worship, one-third to the Mussulmans, and one-third to the Hindoos.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

MORETTI'S CAMPANULA.*

I.

If you could see Dorchester House, age-worn, sun-burnt, and wind-beaten, with many wooden shutters flapping in the sun, with strange sweet southern tufts of weed springing along its cornices, and from one and another marble window-ledge, house-leeks with soft pink heads, delicate feathery grasses; here and there a trailing nasturtium hanging like a fringe and swinging against the wall, and in the courtyard an orange-tree and a cactus or two, and a mountain-ash with its burning flame of scarlet berries — you would see the palace of the family of Pavis, one of the oldest in South Tyrol. It stands in a little sun-baked town, half-way between Italy and Germany, among the Venetian Alps, and its many shutters open out upon a green and deserted-looking piazza, where a donkey feeds, and women spread their linen strips to bleach. . . . There is an hotel upon the piazza, and a coppersmith's shop, from whence comes a monotonous sound from the blows of the great hammer; and then on the opposite side of the green stands a church, vast, and empty, and tawdry, as many of these North of Italy churches are, of which the silent dusty gloom and emptiness suggest a curious contrast to the fervour of North Tyrol. Here the vast wide open doors shew fading deceptions of pasteboard and tinsel ornament, and admit a dazzle of dust-flickered light into the gloom. Worshipers are scarce now, but in the time of the father of the present Count de Pavis they were more numerous. The Countess and her daughters were often to be seen in their places. In these churches brazen plates are affixed to the benches with names engraved thereupon: those of Claudia, Irminia, Valeria de Pavis are still to be deciphered upon the worn brass-plate that marks the seat of the Pavis family, though Claudia, the mother, is long since dead, and Irminia and Valeria have married and left their old home in the mountain city. Another name, that of Saverio de Pavis, is also inscribed upon the family plate. He is the owner of the palazzo, but it is said that he does not keep up his mother's pious practices.

One day I wandered into the church: the only worshippers were two girls kneeling near a small open side-door. The light fell upon their youthful heads, upon an altar ornamented with cotton laces and pasteboard vases: outside the door was a bright white wall, a creeping pumpkin with great starry golden flower and pantomime-like fruit, and the lizards darting from stone to stone. The girls came away presently, passing out by this white wall to the piazza again, where they had tied up their donkey at the copperman's shop.

The coppersmith, with whom I had had some dealing, was a kind old fellow. He seemed to love his great saucepans, over which he might now see the two pretty girls' faces, and the donkey's head, and the Palazzo Pavis, and the mountain beyond; and he nodded a friendly greeting as we all passed together.

How delicately lovely the mountains looked, in fair ridges round about the little town: strange peaks of dolomite, crushed, shivered, splintered sharp, with a network of lines and modellings, of light and passing shadows: now a cleft, now a peak standing out sharp, now a shadowy black veil hanging from some topmost point; and then see it melt away, and the shining crystallized peaks flash quivering and clear. . . . It was a wonderful fairy country through which we had been wandering for ten days past — among alps and rocky passes — wild fairies they surely are who inhabit them: mossy trunks hang over precipices; thousands of flowers shine, sweet autumn cyclamen, starry parnassus; above and below, the waters dash, filtering through rocky cups, and foaming crystal among the fringing leaves and mosses. Green alps, too, flow from rock to rock along the mountain-side, where the grey cows are feeding; tranquil little villages perch along the wandering track, whence dark eyes watch you as you pass on your way to the smiling valley below. Strangers are strangers still, and not yet tourists on the road. The host greets you with friendly gladness; the fresh straw beds are covered with the winter-spun linen. The fare is scant sometimes, but quaint and good. For the chamois-hunters are out upon their raids, the valleys are spread with waving fields

* Moretti's campanula is a flower that grows among the Alps on precipitous rocks.

of Indian corn; there are trout in the lakes and streams. Along the road the pumpkins are swelling in the sun, and the flax grows with its fringed plumes, or hangs drying in yellow bundles from the eaves of the cottages.

All this smiling land lies along the frontier between Austria and Italy. We had crossed the line a dozen times on our way to the little-sun-baked town, which seemed to us dreary, and tattered, and saddening, after the prosperous villages. We were going on again that day to the neighbourhood of the Marmolata, the noblest mountain of the Rhaetian range, and thence home by Bötzen, where railways and civilization begin.

I, for one, do not wish to cry out against them. The jolts and difficulties in the world of civilized life are mental, instead of physical. The problems are human. There are byways and bold ascents, precipices to skirt, deep and distracting as any of these. Opinions grow instead of crops of Indian corn; sympathies and aspirations dazzle us and thrill us, in the loneliness of our souls, as do still mountain ranges or wide-spreading horizons. The music of civilized life is not in the song of birds, or the flow of streams, or the tinkling of flocks. Alas! it is a music sadder and more boisterous and more incomplete; but it may be there is a deeper tone in it than in the calm self-satisfaction of pastoral completeness. Because the cries are loud, the instruments unequal to the tunes they should play, shall people decry it? Is Nature divine? Perhaps in the darkest London slum, where dirt and sorrow and filth are massed together, there may be a deeper divinity than in the widest, sweetest valley where sheep are browsing, evening lights shining on the hills, hamlets sprinkled in still nooks, crops ripening in their season, and wayside crosses casting their shade across the precipitous road.

II.

Under the dark entrance-porch of the hotel our luggage was piled, and H. and my nephew Tom were looking out for me. The carriage had not come, and all my Italian, such as it was, was wanted to urge the stout old padrona with the garnet necklace to wake up from a sort of trance, and send for it. "When we pleased; when we pleased. Ah, we were going on to C——. The Count had ordered the carriage. It should come back for us. There was no hurry — no hurry." But here a tall, pale-faced young man, with spectacles, with a straw-hat, and a green case for plants slung

across his shoulders, came striding hastily into the hotel. He nearly tripped over the strap of my nephew's knapsack; he flushed up impatiently, and kicked it away. "I have come to say I shall not want the carriage," he cried, in a harsh, quick voice. "Supper? No. I shall not sup here to-night."

"Then Beppo can conduct these gentry by the equipage," cried the old padrona, brightening up for a single moment to a gleam of intelligence. "Your servant, Signor Conte."

The young Count, still impatient, shrugged his shoulders; then, recollecting himself, raised his straw-hat to us, as if to make up for the shrug, and began striding off as quick as he could go, flying along with an odd, swinging walk.

"He is an original," said the hostess, speaking in her sleep. "He only thinks of herbs — always herbs — he studies them from one season's end to another. Ah, his father was not of that sort."

In a few minutes more, a little, old, trembling conveyance, with swinging handles, bits of string and broken straps, and a youthful but incompetent driver, shivered and ambled up to the door. Our way led through a melancholy defile, where the white road wound in long zigzags, overhanging the depths below; while the peaks seemed to crowd higher and closer with a wild, melancholy monotony, to which the moan of the torrent, flowing in its white, stony bed, and straggling between arid flats, seemed to respond. In the distance, far, far a-head of us, down in a dip of the valley, we could see a donkey, and some one following, and at a turn of the road we met a little calf, driven along the pass by a peasant-woman. It looked at us, and at the horse with lively and suspicious interest; but the calf and the poor old horse were respectively urged on by their drivers, who nodded as they passed. The calf-woman was worn-faced, brown, and kind-eyed. She wore a bead necklace, and took off her hat. I don't know why it all seemed so dreary to me, like a presentiment of impending ill. It was but a fancy, for no harm came, beyond a variety of bumps, and jerks, and lurches over into the abyss by which we were travelling, so numerous and alarming, that H. exclaimed in horror, and Tom, indignant, jumped down at last, and led the horse down the steeper places; while the vivacious young driver amused himself by winding and unwinding the drag at the wrong minute, with immense energy and many exclamations.

Our advance was not very quick, but by

degrees we gained upon the donkey, and as we got nearer, we saw that there was a young soldier walking with the two girls, whom I recognized as those I had seen in the church. One girl was sitting on the creature's back, the other walking a-head with a free, striding, peasant step. Both had their great, fair plaits pinned round with many long pins like little arrows. The rider wore nothing on her head. The pedestrian wore a conical hat on the top of her plaits; she had white sleeves, a black bodice and a skirt, and a coral necklace, and her dress was a little above that of the peasants. As she walked, she looked up and around in a free yet dreaming way. Her companion on the donkey had discarded the white, country sleeves altogether. She was small and delicate-looking, with beautiful red hair, and brown eyes; her dress was only black alpaca: she, too, wore a coral necklace. The young soldier spoke to her now and then, but she scarcely answered him: they were evidently brother and sister, from their likeness, and peculiar red locks. The donkey tripped along lively and careful; every now and then, the young couple called it by name: "Hu, Bruno! Ehu, Bruno!" Bruno seemed to be an independent little fellow, with a very decided will of his own. At one place, in the descent, we all came together to a stream that flows across the road into the torrent below. Bruno and the soldier seemed to have some difference as to the place where it should be forded. The rider jumped off in a fright; the soldier tugged; Bruno pulled, and set his forepaws. Some one cried out from above; the soldier looked round; Bruno seized the moment, jerked the reins out of his leader's hand, and was over before his master could come near him. "Look, Mary," said my sister-in-law, "there is that young man from the Hotel." He was coming scrambling down the side of the pass, leaping with wonderful agility from one splintered rock to another. Every movement looked wild and clumsy and unpremeditated, and yet his progress was secure and unfailing. It seemed a horrible-looking place and impossible to get over; but there he was in a minute, safe on the road, and hurrying after the little party, with his swinging green canteen behind him.

"Well," said Tom, my nephew, "I couldn't have done that better myself." (Tom was a sailor for some years, but he came into a fortune and is a country gentleman now, and only exerts himself once in a hundred years or so, when my sister-in-law drags him abroad.)

The athlete joined the little party and after walking with them a short way, then suddenly left them, flying off at a sharp ridge of rock and disappearing by degrees. We had got to take an interest in them all by this time. Bruno completely won our hearts by a last sudden dash he made at a haystack that was coming walking along on two blue worsted legs and brown knee-breeches; he overpowered his conductor and got a good bite of sweet dry hay before any one could prevent him. The hay was going to a little stony lodge on the way-side from whence a raven and flamingo maiden stepped out to see us pass. Then we began to ascend, and left our fellow-travellers and Bruno behind us, conversing with the apparition; and the dismal gorge came to an end at last in fields of Indian corn, in a tattered village with falling balconies and blackened gables, and fences, and children with wistful faces swarming out to see us pass.

We all breathed more freely as the road climbed up again by the mountain-side into a wider fresher world, while a lovely green valley opened, and high cliffs came rising from still green alps, and evening clouds like bubbles trembling along their ridges; and then, still passing on, we presently reach a terrible valley where a hundred years ago the crest of a mountain thundered from its height, crushing houses and people and flocks in its fall—crashing up the river, and creating a calm blue lake. Great masses lie scattered as they fell, for who can raise prostrate mountains? But they are wreathed and pine-crowned, and their fierce edges are softened by the sweet-spreading green veil which hangs over all this Alpine country; a veil which only seems rent here and there by the sharp rocky points that burst through it.

III.

WE were only going a short day's journey to C—, at the other end of the blue lake, and it was still light when we reached the village. There was a cheerful sound of music as we came down into the street, and an echo of one of the Alpine chants that the young men catch up and troll out with great skill, spirit, and good tune, and presently we met a row of five young fellows walking arm-in-arm towards the town, with plumes and flowers in their Tyrolese hats, short sleeves, and long flowered waistcoats, loudly chanting their evening song. It was a feast day; our driver told us, a feast day as far as the bridge (where, by the way, he sent us over, in, fortunately, a place, where the earth was heaped up to support the

planks, so that the horse was able to pull us safe back again); and so all the white shirts had turned out in honour of St. Bartholomew, the little children had their best clean faces on, the mothers sat in their doorways resting from their heavy burdens, the fathers smoked silver-topped pipes, the young men walked about arm-in-arm, as I have said, and a grand game of *pallone* was going on in the village street. Our arrival distracted some triflers, but not so the real players of the game. The marker stood under an old arch with his two strange little wooden implements. The balls flew high over the house-tops, rolling down and dropping from the wide-eaved roofs, sometimes flying in at a window and violently thrown out again—the young men leapt after them, and the people shouted in excitement.

These Tyrolese houses are stables to enter by, with horses and carriages and cows stowed away; but as you mount the stairs each floor improves. The first floor is the kitchen and the public room, where you catch a glimpse of peaked hats, of gaiters, of bottles of wine and shirt-sleeves. The hostess comes out of her kitchen to greet you, and takes you up to the second floor, which is quieter, fresher, with flowers in the balcony at the end of the passage, where you dine. At Signora Sarti's "Black Eagle," the flowers were brighter, the bedrooms lighter and more comfortable than any we had yet seen. The rooms were clean, great pots of carnation stood prominently on the stove, and in the corner and in the window of the sitting-room we saw wooden benches against the wall, wooden floors, some odds and ends of poles, a map, and then in the bedrooms huge beds, so high that you had to leap from ledge to ledge to reach them. A back-room from our bedrooms opened upon the outer wooden balcony running along the back of the house. The balcony looked out upon what they call the piazzetta—a little grimy backyard sort of place, with six dozen arched doors and windows at all possible angles, looking over and under one another. Here, too, were more carnation-pots and dried wisps of flax under the roof hanging out to dry.

Before and behind us were casements with wide open wooden shutters through which we could see into the lives of the people. Strange little framed pictures of unknown existences. How much can four feet by three of one's daily habits disclose? Not much, perhaps, in a world where everything is changing and flitting; but here, where day by day the sun shines upon the same peaceful sights and customs, it may be

enough to give a hint of them. There was the old tailor sitting on his bed on the second floor—there was a daily dinner laid at a certain window at twelve o'clock—there were the three washerwomen living on the first floor. They looked out of window, stretching their long brown necks with the bead necklaces, and their wisps of hair were pinned up like the plaits we had admired on the road, with aureoles of silver pins. (As their brown necks were constantly stretching through the window, the aureoles beamed down not unfrequently upon the passers-by in the street below.) Now comes music again. An air out of the *Trovatore*, an air out of the *Dame Blanche*. The musicians are two soldiers in the Austrian uniform; they are singing as they sit at a little table, and we see their glasses filling among the red and yellow cloves that are falling from the window-sill.

Clatter—clatter! "Here is the donkey," says Tom, looking out of window. and we heard a sound of little hoofs, exclamations, embraces, cheerful girls' voices, and presently the padrona comes in with flushed happy cheeks to ask us what we would have for our meal.

"I should have come sooner, but my son is just arrived," she said. "My daughter Fortunata, and Joanna my servant, went into Agordo to meet him."

"Is he a soldier?" said H., smiling. "Was there a donkey?"

"Yes, yes," said the beaming signora. "The gentry must have passed them. It is two years since I had seen him; now he comes home because I—on business." And here her face fell. "A mother's heart is in many places," says the padrona, with a sort of habitual little chronic sigh.

Tom, who was very hungry, and not so much interested as we were in these family details, now asked somewhat inconsequently if there was any fish to be had for dinner.

"Fish? No. The fisherman had to be told the day before, and then he went out at sunrise and caught it; but" (hesitating) "a friend had sent some wild partridges, and if we liked she would roast a couple. Would we choose white wine or black?"

With the white wine came our dinner:

1st. A rice soup with little sausages floating in it.

2nd. Slices of a sort of fried plum-pudding.

3rd. Bifteck. This is a mince with a sweet garlicky batter, and polenta to eat with it.

4th. The partridges, with prunes.

5th. A sort of white cream-cheese eaten with cinnamon.

Tom complained that it was all puddings, but he ate them with good appetite; and then we all went and drank our coffee in the window, watching the lights gleam away on the mountain-tops above the roofs. I could see some one down below also supping off wild partridges at a sort of little terrace where his table was set. From the number before him, and the way he cut them up, I guessed that he was the sportsman who had brought them down. It seemed to me that I knew the green box that was lying on the table, and I also recognized in the sportsman our wandering Count.

IV.

We had, strange to say, an acquaintance living at C——, an old lady whom we had met a year before drinking the waters at a watering-place in the Alps, where H. had been sent by a German doctor. She was only a humble sort of companion, she told us, to another old lady, who owned the country-house in which they spent their summer months. She seemed to be loved and trusted by her employer; and able to do as she liked, and she had begged us to come and see her if we passed her way. She assured us that their garden was well worth a visit. We had taken a real liking to the gentle, intelligent, somewhat melancholy woman, with her simple Italian ways and ready sympathies. Signora Elisabetta della Santa was tall, with many bones and wrinkles, and a few black and grey hairs. She spoke slowly in a deep guttural voice; she was dressed like an old wall-flower, in dingy yellows and greens for the most part. This evening, strolling out along the street, it occurred to me to look her up, and when I came back to the hotel I thought I would ask for news of my old acquaintance. I went upstairs in the twilight, to the landing beneath ours, leading to the terrace, where Fortunata and Joanna were both standing talking to the Count. He seemed to be emptying his vasculum of all sorts of plants, ferns, roots, and flowers and grasses, and I did not like to disturb them. Tonina, the padrona's eldest daughter, was very busy in the general room, coming and going from one table to another, with her leathern bag of office strapped to her waist. I looked into the kitchen to see if the mother was there. Yes, the padrona was standing in the last sunlit window with her son. I noticed that Mario, as they called him, was looking odd and flushed, and that his honest face was as red as his hair, but I put it all down to the evening glow, and asked my question without any thought of trouble.

"What does the Signora ask?" said the padrona, hastily. "Signora della Santa and the Marchesa are here; they live close by. Mario will—no, Fortunata will—you turn to the right by the bridge; you——" but here suddenly her voice failed, and the poor thing burst out crying. "It's nothing, nothing," she went on volubly. "Don't ask; don't ask; and oh! do not tell the girls that I am troubled; they at least shall never know what a cruel——" Mario, who was hissing and spluttering between his teeth, stopped her with a kind impatience.—"He is here," said the poor thing, recovering herself, and wiping her eyes. "He will take care of us, and all will be well now." And she laid her hand on her son's arm and looked at me, and then at his carrot-face, with wistful tender eyes.

I went away sorry to have come in, and left them in their window. There was a roar of laughter from the tap-room as I passed. The Count seemed to have done with his botanizing, and to be beginning a course of astronomy from his little terrace. Upstairs I found Tom with a pipe, and H., who was much interested when I told her of the padrona's unknown trouble. "I am afraid money matters must be wrong," said H. But there was no sign of any want of prosperity in the little household. Fresh piles of linen were carried in from the bleaching-field, cows came dragging stores of hay for the stable, bare-legged assistants brought fruit and corn and wine, like people in the Bible. The signora was walking about with a carpenter early next morning devising alterations, and I found Fortunata displaying a perfect store of ribbons and laces she had bought for Tonina in Agordo the day before. Tonina, the eldest daughter, wore a gold brooch and earrings, and two horns of black hair; she was engaged to be married, and was shortly to depart, earrings and all, for the town where her intended was employed. Tonina was a big handsome young woman, with a perfect passion for dress. I never heard her speak with interest on any other subject. She would waylay us, feel our gowns, settle our bonnet-strings; she was for ever straggling into our rooms and trying on our clothes.

I did not care for Antonina at all, but little Fortunata with her sweet, quick, gentle ways, was irresistible. She was spoiled by them all, and she seemed to me like a little brownie at work, sparing her mother, helping Joanna, and stirring about us with a kind energy. She could sing all sorts of songs, mountain catches, and opera tunes

too. She had brown startled eyes and red hair, plaits upon plaits that Joanna used to put up with the silver pins in a sort of true-lover's knot every morning. She used to be up quite late, till midnight and even later, and again at six in the morning this young person was about—often at four if any early traveller was starting. "Tonina would never get up," Joanna said, shrugging her shoulders.

But the person who most interested me in the household was the padrona, with her dark sweet anxious face and her tender care for her children. The woman was a born lady whatever her station in life might be. I liked to see her receiving her guests, with a gracious courtesy that was shyly returned by funny red-faced, bleary-eyed men with knee breeches and conical hats, coming to drink *vino nero*; and slouching young conscripts, half-shy, half-proud, with their flowers and numbers stuck into their caps. If there was any disturbance the padrona would walk boldly in and quell it with instant measures. The gentle decision with which, on one occasion, Beppo was summoned to assist one of these young fellows out of the house amused me. It was a handsome fair-haired boy, dressed in green, with a great bunch of pink roses, and neat white knitted hose. With a sudden yell, he tore off his gay hat and flung it on the ground, trolling out something between a hymn and a drinking-song in a hoarse tipsy voice. The padrona laid her hand on his shoulder. Her grave look seemed to steady him. "Angelo Soya," she said, "enough of this; go home, my boy." And Angelo actually got up and disappeared without a word.

Italians, if they trust you, will speak of themselves and their feelings with an openness that is touching to people of a more reserved habit. Very soon the signora spoke to me of impending anxiety, of Fortunata, and her eyes would fill with tears of love and care. Something was amiss in the little household; good and affectionate as they all were, and tenderly devoted as was the mother, she had not been able, even in that lonely mountain-enclosed village, to keep her young ones safe and away from harm and evil speaking. Joanna's indignant fealty, Mario's manly protection, what is of avail against spying eyes and spiteful tongues, and three long brown necks stretched out? I could have wrung them with pleasure when I knew the harm they had done. The rest of the household consisted of a wild undermaid called Jacoma, of Beppo the odd man, and numberless assistants, with bare legs and short petticoats, appear-

ing and disappearing, carrying tubs, gourds, great baskets of Indian corn, inflated pigskins, and what not. Labour is cheap in these parts, and garments are dear. This was hard upon Tonina. In houses where everything is made at home,—soap, bread, wine, linen, cheese, &c., there is, of course, an infinity to see to. They had a farm from whence provisions came; they had granaries, fruit-stores. I could see sacks heaped in the store-rooms on the ground-floor, and often there, too, was Joanna at work among them with an assistant barelegs.

V.

Joanna seemed to have a temper of her own. I was passing the open door of one of these ground store-rooms next morning on my way to join H. on the hillside, when I heard Joanna rating her unlucky assistant at the pitch of her voice. Barelegs answered, tossing her head. Joanna, with a sort of shrill contemptuous whistling noise, orders barelegs off; and finally the poor creature slinks away with a basket full of polenta meal on her head, leaving Joanna triumphant.

"What was it?" said Mario, who had been standing in the door with his usual long weedy cigar in his mouth. "Joanna, don't scold poor Jacoma."

"Ah! you pity La Jacoma," said Joanna, sharply. "Now Mario has come back he is to set everything right. Go and console her, and ask her if she did not deserve my indignation."

"What the devil is it all about?" says Mario.

"It is the work of devils she repeated. Something that she ought never to have listened to," cried Joanna, still in a fury. "I will not have her trouble the mistress. Do you hear?"

Mario's face changed; he seemed to understand her as he too marched off. Joanna, who was in a downright passion, went on violently tying and shaking the big sacks; but more than once she stopped to stamp off her fury, and, as it were, to shake her conical hat in anger at some one outside in the street.

Joanna was a character—a loyal rebel belonging to the dynasty of Sarti. Fortunata seemed to be the object of her blind devotion, the others the victims of it. She was a handsome girl; her teeth were like milk, her fair hair was pinned up like her mistress's, but she wore three or four little short sprays or frizzes over her forehead and cheeks, and I hardly ever saw her without her hat. There was a melancholy look in her blue eyes, which contrasted oddly

with her broad smiles and childish gapes. She was curious and clumsy. She asked me endless questions about myself, my family. She would give a certain solemn shake of the head when she was puzzled, as if there were profundities unexplored into which she did not choose to inquire: such as the countries beyond Germany, the railways, the strangers who were beginning to come over the mountains to the valleys, where they came from, and their watches, what was to be done to procure them butcher's meat. Joanna looked stupid,—she was really full of cleverness. She could have thought and reasoned if she had chosen, and she had real flashes of genius at times, when anything came to stir her from her usual clumsy apathy. But as she was also extremely pig-headed and superstitious, her flashes of genius used to die out very often without making much impression upon herself or any one else.

"Ah!" said she, calming down at last, preparing to shoulder her sack, and wiping some tears out of her eyes, "it's a cruel world, that poisons the sweetest and dearest, that respects not innocence or youth."

There was a pathetic emotion in her voice that surprised and touched me.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Eh! who can tell?" said the girl. "There are three devils, three washerwomen, opposite, who say wicked things of us, and La Jacoma repeats them to me. But I think she will not dare to do so again," cried Joanna, "or to disquiet the padrona any more with her tales."

"But can't it be stopped?" said I.

"What can one say? what can one do?" cried Joanna. "I am only a servant. Mario he is the master, he is. And he comes to put all right,—Hé! I know that he will make it all wrong. But who is to keep clear of error? Not masters, any more than servants. Mine will not listen to reason, and they will sacrifice a dove to their pride."

Italian women are eloquent when they are excited. This girl whisked up the sacks, her blue eyes sparkled, then dimmed, and there, like enchantment, was a gaping, wide-mouthed stupid Joanna again standing before me with her load. I remember the look of the queer cellar-like place, with its bars, and the round iron scrolled windows, and green vine-stems outside.

Madame Sarti's voice was heard calling overhead, "Beppo! Beppo!"

"She wants him to stir the polenta," said Joanna, "It is no good to dwell upon evil. We know how to make good polenta in our house. Will you come and taste?"

VI.

Joanna walked carefully upstairs into the kitchen, where a great wood flame was leaping on the high stone hearth, and a comfortable incantation in a huge cauldron already begun—water and Indian corn meal, which the padrona shook in, while Beppo, in his shirt-sleeves, stood by with a wonderful serious face. Then he began working the mass round and round, with a stick; then he got excited, and worked harder and harder as the difficulty increased; then he finally leapt on the fireplace, and stood above them all, pounding and pushing and poking away with all his might. At last, after some five minutes, when the steam had carried away the water, and the mass is hardened enough, the fire begins to fail; just then Beppo seems exhausted, Joanna brings a great wooden platter, and on to this board Beppo cleverly rolls out a polenta,—an avalanche,—a huge smoking, steaming mass. Then Tonina rushes forward and cuts the mass into two halves with a string, one for the servants—one for the master's table—and Beppo wipes his brow as he leaps down triumphantly from the stone hearth.

The widow still stood in the fireplace, making up the fire. Joanna was bearing off one of the great smoking hemispheres on its platter; and Jacoma, the maid, was yawning in a chair, and resting from her morning's labour. It was a common enough scene of family life. A woman was peeping in through the doorway, with a great pile of flax upon her head; for colour, take a blue gleam of sky, black beams and rafters, shining coppers, and white walls, against one of which stood the tall black crucifix; and just beside it Fortunata, in her coral necklace and auburn locks. At this moment, as if he had been conjured up somewhere out of the great boiling copper, the Count's tall figure suddenly appeared. There was a sudden hush and silence as he looked in.

"I shall want a room to-night," he said, abruptly, "and supper at eight. Here is some game; more than I shall want." Little Fortunata, with her face all alight, seemed to awake first, and she sprang forward and took it from him. "Thank you," said he, smiling, and then he was gone. He was running upstairs, four steps at a time. Madame Sarti had turned pale, and looked at her son. Antonina drew herself up very primly. Joanna flushed, and gave one quick glance at Fortunata. I began to guess the state of the case when, as I walked out into the street to join my sister-

in-law, I saw the three heads nodding and straining from the opposite window.

In these friendly villages the people come crowding round the strangers, and staring with wondering brown eyes, like the little calves do on the mountains. H.,—whom I had left alone safe installed in the shade of a hay *châlet*, with a penknife, a pencil, a church spire, a range of low mountains, india-rubber, and all the materials for a sketch,—I now found surrounded by a large family, on its way to the fields after the midday meal; there was a bald, good-humoured woman, with false plaits; a row of little boys and girls, pretty, as all the children are in these parts. Poor H. was finishing her sketch to the usual catechism. "Married? Where is the husband? How many boys and how many girls? Does our country please you?" (Pause for a compliment.) "Are you Germans or Italians? English? Under what rule is England?—across the sea?"—a whistle. Then a hurried dialogue among one another. "They are not Christians." "No." "Yes; look at their rings." Then a kind smile, and a genuine friendly "Happy journey" at parting. The bald woman was unusually cheerful and talkative. She too was married, and these were five of her children. "Were we staying at the inn? So the soldier had returned? It was as well, perhaps. Eh? It is always well to have a man in a family; women are apt to be silly and indiscreet. Of course Madame Sarti and her daughters were far above her, but she loved them (our friend did); still there were enemies in the valley. Hé, they say terrible things. They say Fortunata looks too high, and are jealous in short; but she is a pretty creature, and has no malice in her ways," says our informant, preparing to resume her trudge. "Deh! come along, little ones," and off she goes, with her brood scrambling after her up the steep rocky pass.

"So that is the key to the poor mother's anxieties," said I. "That dear pretty little creature—can any one be so cruel as to talk spitefully of her? It is too sad, H."

"The padrona should be careful of appearances," said H., gravely, "for the girl's own sake."

Then, as we had already agreed, we walked on a little way to call upon our friend. It was a curious lovely old garden, at the back of the low white house in the village street, with the great closed gates, the balconies, the little buttresses, and clothes hanging to dry upon the terrace, where the two old ladies had lived for I

don't know how many tranquil years. The grass was green, but long and straggling, and the paths were rough, so that, to our English eyes, there was a certain sadness about the place. But there was a real wealth of wonders; and precious plants and trees and shrubs for those like H. who know something of such things. There, under a little wooden umbrella, was darting up, green, and with delicate lace-work branches a slender Norfolk pine-tree; there an aloe in flower; here one or another learned fragrant shrub, and great oleander-trees with the flames bursting through the green, and pumpkins, common enough, but always splendid, along the wall, and strange, deep-coloured scentless flowers in close serried rows along the beds, and trees with unknown fragrant blossoms tossing. It was under one of these that Signora della Santa met us with a glad friendly welcome. "Will you come in, or stay here?" she asked. "The Countess desires her best compliments. She is not yet up, or she would have the pleasure of receiving you." Then, after our usual little talk of journey and recollections, &c., H. began to praise the garden, and exclaim in admiration at the treasures she had seen there.

"To tell the truth, we deserve small credit," said Signora della Santa, much gratified. "Saverio de Pavis, who is a botanist, a nephew of my Countess, has the garden planted, and conspires with the gardener to carry out his experiments. He lives at Agordo, but often comes over to see his aunt and his trees here. He is away just now." (H. and I looked at each other.) "I am glad he is keeping away," the signora said: "for, to tell the truth, there has been some gossip in the town, and people said he was paying great attention to your hostess's little daughter. I happen to know that no such thought has ever crossed his mind; he thinks of his plants only, and doesn't live in the world around him."

Our friend was clever and reasonable, and I thought it better to confess that I had seen her hero that very morning.

"I am sorry to hear it," said she. "It was but the last time I saw him that he was complaining of the inn, the bad attendance, and indifferent cooking there. I regret that people should make remarks. The Sartis are too good and respectable to allow themselves to be attacked by evil tongues."

I could quite imagine her to be right. We had a little more talk, and from what she told us it seemed indeed as if the Count lived in a world different from that which

we inhabited. A world in which there were changes, but they took thousands and thousands of years to effect; in which there were kingdoms, and dynasties, and conquests perhaps, but silent conquests undisputed. If one flower perished, another succeeded in its turn. Laws could not be broken in this tranquil realm, its state secrets might be disclosed without fear of ill. For this mystic silent existence he had given up the cares and turmoils of quick daily life. At one time this philosopher had been ambitious and keen enough for the cause he loved; had been heart and soul on the Italian side, although a captain in the Austrian army. This was in his youth, and he had been remarked and called to account. He had been taxed by the Austrians until his fortune was completely ruined, and now Saverio was a poor man. He had worked, waited, and hoped, but when the Italian rule was established, the recognition he had expected never came. And then it was that, indignant and disappointed, he turned his back upon Europe, upon kings, and court intrigue, and favour. He felt that he was by nature too hasty, too nervous a man to keep pace with the rest of the rout. And so he shut himself up in his old palace, and watched the growth of the dandelions, and speculated upon the formation of the rocks about his home (his theory was that they were coral rocks), and he wandered from peak to peak and from pass to pass, and came home and wrote philosophical treatises. "His sisters are in despair, and think he has gone mad, to shut himself up with his books and avoid all human society," said the old companion, "but he is not mad. He is moderately happy in his own way."

VII.

We did not think, when we left her waving farewells at the great gate, how soon matters were to come to a crisis. We were to go on the next day; and talking over our plans and schemes, we had almost forgotten the existence of the Sartis. I walked up by the back way. As I opened my door I found, as usual, some one in my room (the whole family used to invade it unscrupulously), — a pile of linen on the floor, two great copper pots full of water, Joanna standing by a huge open press, with her back turned. As I entered in there came from the sitting-room beyond a great burst of voices. The girl turned round quick, and then I saw that her face was all working, flushed and agitated.

"It is my fault, all my fault!" she said, wringing her hands in an agony of despair.

"Ah, signora, go in. You may stop Mario. He is trying to make a quarrel with the Count."

Mario had most certainly succeeded in his endeavour. I opened the door. There they all stood round the table, where the well-known green vasculum was lying — Mario flaming, Tonina smoothing her apron, Fortunata crying bitterly.

"Why do you stay here to be insulted? Why don't you go?" cried Mario to his sisters. "What can you want with the Count's dried herbs? What does his Excellency mean by speaking to you in such an impatient and insolent fashion, and suspecting you honest girls of stealing them?" Then, turning round upon the Count again, who was looking very haughty and puzzled, — "I tell you that my sisters are not the common drudges that you seem to imagine. My sisters are not to be spoken to as if they were servants. They were well born, and respected by all."

"Who ever doubted it?" said the Count, containing himself with difficulty, seizing his hat and his stick, and hastily crushing and doubling up a map, which he twisted round and round, and stuffed into the vasculum. "I asked for a missing specimen and was vexed that it should have been destroyed. Who talks of stealing?"

"They are well born," persisted Mario, who was in a tremendous passion, and evidently anxious to impress the fact of a quarrel; "and I, too, although your Excellency may not choose to acknowledge it, am not of those who will endure the insults of the rich."

"I have never given your existence one moment's consideration," said his Excellency, now fairly in a passion too. Then seeing my door open, he hurried past me into the bedroom, where he stopped short with all his paraphernalia, while Joanna sprang forward.

"I — I only am to blame," she cried, and would have caught his arm.

"Silence," roared Mario from the next room, while the Count shook her off.

I thought it as well Saverio should not encounter the fierce champion Mario any more, and I silently pointed to the second door upon the balcony, which was open, and through which, with a haughty salutation, the Count strode away. I saw him marching down the village street, and disappearing in the distance — a grey-linen, grey-hatted figure. The peasants saluted him respectfully as he went along, but he, flying by at his usual pace, paid no attention to any of their greetings: on he went past the wine-shop — past the black arched

entrance to the old brown house. He was gone.

But the scene was not over yet. A cry from Tonina called us hastily into the next room. Poor little Fortunata had fallen back fainting into her sister's arms. Dead, pale, dishevelled, with the silver pins falling loose from her red hair, Tonina had dragged her to the carnation window. Mario, looking at once sulky, sorry, and pacified, was pouring himself out a glass of black wine. Joanna had run for one of the great copper pails of water, and with angry, blue glances at the corporal, for all his uniform and moustaches, began dashing the water into Fortunata's face. "Go and fetch mamma, Mario," said Tonina, severely; and then mamma came back, followed by the irrepressible Mario. He had evidently given his own version of the story. Poor mamma! troubled, puzzled, she alternated from the tenderest expressions of pity and sympathy to no less affectionate, but less sympathetic, maternal snubbings. "For shame, Fortunata! Here is the lady. They will all see you down the street. Would Tonina do such a thing as faint for a caprice? Mario is right. Let the Count go his way. He is an original; nobody can predict from one day to another what he may do or say. His Excellency's state is too high for us. Thou art not born to be a countess, my little Fortunata — my dearest." (Very sharp:) "Mario, go, for the love of heaven! It will vex her to see thee when she recovers herself."

Mario, doggedly, and calming down, with both hands up in the air and his fingers together, — "I am her true friend for all that you women are ignorant, short-sighted, talkative, ambitious. You care not for the censure of the neighbours — for the insults that nobleman heaps upon the family of Sarti. But I — I tell you that I have saved you from the most imminent peril, and that you are ingrate, every one of you."

So saying, Mario marched off, opening wide his ten fingers, clanking downstairs, and the padrona, who was evidently struck by his eloquence, again snubbed little Fortunata, who had quietly come round with her head on her sister's shoulder, and who was staring through the window and between the straggling branches of the carnations, a sad far-away look, inexpressibly sorrowful and affecting.

"Eh! it is a bad day's work," said Joanna, shrugging her shoulders. "Mario has made an uproar and sacrificed his sister's happiness. She might have been a countess but for his stupidity."

"I never thought he would have said so much," sighed Tonina.

"Be quiet," said Signora Sarti. "Joanna, go to thy linen. Mario is justified. The Count has retired, and it would never do to allow the neighbours to talk with disrespect of Fortunata, and to look upon us with evil eyes. Mario says that the Count is sporting with the affections of an innocent. He is an original, and no one, not Mario nor any other, shall understand him."

Fortunata was led off by Tonina, who was very kind, and, as I thought, compunctious. Joanna began storing away the linen in the great closet in my room, but her tears dribbled on the pillow-cases with the frills, and the folded linen. "To think that it was all for that bit of grass, that little nasty flower," poor sobbing Joanna burst out at last. "To think that I — I, who would give my life for Fortunata, should have been the one to bring all this upon her. It was a little lilac flower of nothing at all. I have never seen any like it," said the girl. This plant, it seemed, the Count had brought out of his tin case and examined during supper the night before, and then Fortunata had come in and talked to him and asked him to tell her the names of the stars (for the Count could tell everything by name — stars, flowers, animals, languages, medicines, printed books, it was all the same to him), and while they were out on the balcony, Joanna had cleared away the supper and found the flower lying on the lid of the green case. For a little joke, after the Count had gone to bed, she had given it to Fortunata, saying it was a flower of good luck his Excellency had sent her. Fortunata teased Joanna half the night to know if this were true. It was a foolish joke, and when Joanna saw how deeply her young mistress took it to heart, she had confessed that it was but a joke. And then Fortunata, half laughing half weeping, said all the same she should keep it, and next morning she showed Joanna a tiny crystal locket, into which she had put the lilac bell. It would not hold the leaves, so she had cut them away. And then came the Count, hunting everywhere and in a state of excitement about his lost flower, and Joanna, laughing, asked him if it was a magical charm, and said it was safe, and when he exclaimed eagerly, at last showed him the crystal locket shyly, not knowing if he would be angry. And then the Count said they had undone him, that he had picked it at the risk of his life, that there was no other like it. And while he was scolding, and Fortunata crying, Mario came in.

"He meant to quarrel," said Joanna, "at

the first opportunity, and now they have quarrelled, and our poor Fortunata is the victim!"

"But Joanna," I said, "the Count never has been serious in his intentions."

"That is it. They will not believe it; but Fortunata felt, and I, too, felt, that at one time he meant to marry her, and she would have been his countess. He is hasty in temper, but true in heart. Now all is over. That flower has done it. I, too, am to blame. Who is not? Eh!"

A shake of the head—clink, clank—a great sob—exit Joanna, swinging her brazen pails.

VIII.

The result of this painful little scene could not yet be known, as far as the Count was concerned. It seemed not unlikely that he would come no more. "Perbacco! That is exactly what I wish," said Mario. "If it were an honest fellow who loved our Nata, and wished to make her his wife, that would be another matter; but the Count only amuses himself, and the neighbours laugh in their sleeves."

"It is to be hoped he will come no more," said Tonina, placidly. "Fortunata will forget him. She is young and has been silly. She must marry in her own station, to her credit, like me, and then she can continue the business of the inn."

H. said she felt inclined to box Tonina's ears, she spoke so complacently.

"Wait, wait, only wait," cried Joanna, with a sapient shrug. "Do you think our misfortunes are completed? No; Nata will die before long, and that will break my heart and the padrona's. She will die, I tell you, if the Count abandons her." (Then a shake of the hat, then a mysterious mutter.) "I think he might return when that block-head of a Mario is gone. . . ."

Mario, whose leave was almost up, seemed to have some notion of the sort. He decreed in his decided way that Nata was to depart immediately, the farther the better. There was their cousin Hofer who would receive her at R—in German Tyrol, and he would pass that way and see her on his return to Innsbruck, where his regiment was quartered. Mario was in the Austrian service. That young man was a born autocrat. He would allow no excuse, grant no delay. I think, perhaps, under the circumstances he was right, for he heard more of the universal gossip of the place than the poor women had dreamt of. So Mario declared that Nata wanted no new clothes for her journey. Escort! Joanna could take her; or, if she cared for company, there

were the English ladies going that very way.

"But, Mario, it is such a long way," said poor Signora Sarti, who was not herself without a lingering hope that all might yet come right.

"All the better," cries Mario, magniloquent. "I myself will tell those who dare speak of us that she is gone. Then let them say what they choose. They will see that our family is uncompromising in its self-respect, and will allow no interference where its honour is concerned. I had rather you put a poniard into my heart than allowed my sister's name to be lightly spoken of."

"My poor little Nata," sighed the poor mother, taking the girl's hand and stroking it. "My poor, poor child!"

"If it were I," cries Joanna, cocking her hat fiercely, "do you think I would go? No, not for empires. Hi! you might offer me gold and diamonds in vain; if I loved truly, it is not I who would conceal my passion. Struggle not against thy nature, my Nata, or thou wilt die. I know thy delicacy and tenderness of heart. How can Mario, who has no more sentiment than an ox, understand?"

"Will you be silent, you girl of nothing at all?" in a shriek of indignation from Tonina.

"I have a heart impassioned, but noble and self-sacrificing," exclaims Mario, very angry, and looking as red as a turkey-cock. Here Joanna shrugged her shoulders expressively. "Why am I accused? I am acting for mamma, and upholding her wishes. Is it not so?" cries the young man. And he turned round upon the poor padrona, who only began to cry, so worried and troubled was she.

Little Nata was kissing her mother's withered cheeks again and again. "Don't believe La Joanna. I am not going to die, my mamma," she said. "I suffer a little, but only a little. Mario is right. It is fitter that I should go, for how can I venture to believe the Count when he tells me he prefers me to all others? Yes, I will go, if it will stop people from blaming us." And then she ran out of the kitchen, and went and sat on her little low chair in the corner by the window, at the far end of the passage, with her face hidden in her hands. There she sat, poor little soul. Over her head the great brown carnations were hanging; outside all the busy voices were echoing; the squares of light were travelling along the wooden floor. She never moved till she heard her mother's step upon the stairs; then she pulled out her work from her pocket.

et, and began to sing a little song as she stuck the stitches.

When dinner was over, H. and I, and Tom and his pipe, generally went out together for a sociable little quartet upon the bridge. That evening, seeing Nata in the doorway, I called her to come with us. I thought it as well she should be seen with us; we two followed, and H. walked slowly a-head, leaning upon her son's arm. We left the *pallone*-players beginning their game; we went along the narrow street. In every doorway the little white children were clustering on the step nibbling their suppers,—lumps of polenta, little bowls of milk; while the parents eat within, or stood leaning over the little balconies where the flax was hanging to dry. We caught glimpses of copper and wood and fire interiors; in the air was a tinkling of coming flocks, a murmuring chorus of voices, and then the thud of some late carding-pin, still falling upon the flax. Old women past other work were sitting spinning at the doors and nodding their white locks at us as we passed. The attention we generally excited was rather diverted on this occasion by the passage of two pedlars with huge green umbrellas slipped down into the little rings along the side of the packs. I saw a group as we passed standing round some drawers opened out to display the glittering tinsel treasures that dazzle the peasant-girls in wonder: and then, beyond the village, we came to the little bridge across the stream, and we sat down upon a log that happened to be felled and lying on the bank.

So Tom smoked his pipe in the glow of the evening; the stream washing by reflected yellow and crimson, and the emerald lights from the broad leaves of Indian corn, among which the country people were strolling. Presently another echo reached us, an Alpine chaunt, at once cheerful and melancholy; then came a hurried procession of little goats, followed by the deliberate steps of the grey cows coming down from the mountains; then more women plodding home with their loads of flax, and little children running bare-legged, and dragging implements of labour bigger than themselves, or carrying small heaps in little baskets fitted to their backs. Then came the cheerful company of gallant country youths, walking six of a row, shirt-sleeves gleaming, arm-in-arm, hats well cocked, like Joanna's; they struck up again with all their lungs as they entered the village. After a little while we saw another group of people advancing with a hum of voices that sounded both softer and shriller than the peasants' queer falsettos. "It is all the gentry of the

town," Nata said; "a great party went out this morning to camp in the woods."

The gentry seemed to have been enjoying their picnic thoroughly; they advanced in a long line, two and two, young men and pretty young women with dark heads all uncovered, except one, who, I think, wore a black veil flung over her white dress and glossy black locks. They too, were walking arm-in-arm, laughing, and whispering, and talking gaily, and coming in a sort of step.

"That first lady is to be married on Monday," said Nata. "That is her 'sposo' she is walking with: he is engaged in the mines at Agordo." They swept by quite close, their garments touching ours as they passed. One young girl nodded gravely to Fortunata, the others were too happy or too absorbed to notice her. There was something almost bacchanalian in the little procession: the white dresses, the garlands and flowers they were bringing back, the subdued happy excitement as they swept on through the calm of the evening. As the last of the file went by, I saw Fortunata flush and start: it was the Count with a lady on his arm walking on with the rest. I thought he saw us, for he stopped, imperceptibly almost, never looking, but he passed on without a sign, and disappeared with the rest down the village street.

A minute after, Nata quietly said she must go home and see to the supper; would I please not disturb myself to come with her? And she got up and walked very quickly, in a sort of zigzag way at first, but afterwards straightly as usual.

Later in the evening we also got up to go. Tom's pipe was smoked out. It was getting chilly, and H. was wrapping her Indian shawl more and more closely round her shoulders. On our way we met the padrona, standing with the little group that was still gazing at the pedlar's wondrous wares.

"Why, Signora, have you been buying some of those little saints?" said Tom.

"These are silver pins for Nata," said the padrona, joining us, showing us her little parcel. "I ran after the pedlar," she explained, coming along. "My little Nata came home so pale, so sad, that I thought I would try and give her one moment's pleasure. Mario is right. I have been foolish and ambitious; but Fortunata is so good, so dear, that is my excuse," said the poor, proud mother. "I thought my child was deserving of any fate, or never would I have encouraged the Count; but oh! they must not dare to say things against her fair fame. It is as if one of these sharp pins was pierce-

ing my breast when I think of it all. But when she is gone, people will see that we are proud and will not suffer a breath against our honour." Then she began to tell me that "Cousin Hofer" was a lady like herself, a widow in German Tyrol, keeping, as she did, an inn partly for pleasure—for the advantage of society. The Hofer's house was only habitable in the summer. If we really intended crossing the Seisser Alp on our way to Bolsano, we should pass very near it. "and," said Signora Sarti, "I know not how to thank the gentry for their offer to look after the girls. I shall keep Mario three days longer, and it will be better," she said, "for us all; and Joanna will be a companion to Nata, who has not much sympathy for her 'cousin.'"

Fortunata met us pale but smiling when we came in. She had laid out the supper, she had brought a lamp to light us. All that evening she was coming and going, nervously busy, and more than once I heard her laugh. It was a sad musical laugh, very near to tears, but not bitter. There was nothing bitter in her nature. My nephew, Tom, who had had a sentiment early crushed in the bud, he told us, was much interested when we spoke to him. He willingly agreed, at his mother's request, to the extra infliction of two more women to escort. "Four was no worse than two," Tom remarked; "and it was not for long."

IX.

That evening I went to bed to toss and turn, and hear voices and see lights and faces suddenly flashed upon the darkness. Long after midnight I heard the padrona silently creeping upstairs. I lay starting at the striking of shrill clocks, at the melancholy cry of the watchman. "The hour is one," he said; "The hour is two;" and his voice echoed all along the silent village. At last I got up, and, putting on a dressing-gown, I opened the door upon the wooden gallery, and I saw that I was not alone to watch and wake; another figure was standing leaning against the banister. I guessed who it was when I saw the dark shade of a conical hat.

"Who is it?" whispered Joanna; "ah, the Signora frightened me!" Then, for a minute, we stood together looking at the burning sky above the black roofs of the houses. "Look at the stars how they shine! Is it not a beautiful silence?" said Joanna. "The Count can tell the name of every one, big and little. He is learned, too learned," said Joanna, bitterly, with a shrug. "He has bewitched her. Ah,

Signora! Fortunata is asleep at last! She restrains her complaints not to vex her mother; but when we are alone it is as if she would be broken by her sorrow. She has told me how he passed her without a look. I suffered so in her sorrow I could not rest, and I thought the stars would do me good."

Joanna had something of her great namesake's nature—a simple enthusiasm and courage, and deep-hearted devotion. To her, the kingdom to be conquered was Fortunata's happiness; her dear Fortunata who lay crying herself to sleep upon her straw mattress with all her gleaming hair twisted over the pillow, and her white beautiful face hidden. The padrona's white linen was not whiter than Fortunata's skin. A lady! she was sweet enough to be a lady all the rest of her life if it so pleased her, and sit with her hands before her for ever and ever. Tonina, so Joanna thought, was no better than herself, except in being the padrona's daughter and wearing an alpaca dress; but Nata! It was to Nata that all Joanna's gratitude and love for the shelter and home-love the widow had given her was bestowed. So she whispered on in the darkness. It was then, as she looked up over the housetops at the clear burning night, that the thought came to her of replacing the flower, and she vowed a vow to the bright stars that if she could do anything, anything in the whole world to make Nata happy she would do it. Nata's mother was asleep after her long day's work; for a time, poor soul, her anxieties were calmed. Nata's sister was dreaming warm and placid in her bed by the window.

What would I not have given afterwards to have been quietly asleep in my bed, instead of waking, and making cruel mischief by my thoughtless words! Is it an excuse that, at that minute, dreams seemed so vivid, commonplace and realities so far away? "Signora," Joanna said to me in mysterious whispers, "shall I tell you what I think? I think the Count makes magic with his flowers, and that the purple bell-flower poor Nata destroyed was a magic herb, and has worked all this ill. He spoke strangely. He said that alone was wanting to complete his work, and he could find no other in its place. He was angry, so angry! Signora, do the English believe in magic?"

"No one believes in charms, Joanna," I said, "only poets, not practical people. My nephew burns a magic leaf, and a smoke rises and rises, and those who practice the incantation say that it cures ill-humour. And I, too, have a precious little herb in a tin box in my portmanteau. It looks brown

and dry; but, if I pour water on it, a delicious fragrance comes, and if I am tired and sad it cheers me. Some people might call these wonderful things tea-leaves and tobacco. . . ."

"Eh!" says Joanna, "who can tell! If the Signora only knew of precious herbs that would bring honourable love as well as peace of mind, that would be well for all."

I thought she was laughing, that she understood me. It was so dark I could not see her face; but I make no excuses, for I was punished after, and blamed myself when it was too late.

"There was a great enchanter once in England, Joanna. His name was Gulielmo. He could summon fairies at his will, and once he sent his messengers flying, and bade them bring a purple flower, of which the juice divided lovers strangely, and made much mischief; and then, when all seemed hopeless," I said, getting sleepy by degrees, "the fairies flew at his command, and upon the wild thymy bank another flower was growing, and all was well again, and the lovers united. But that was hundreds of years ago, and the great enchanter is dead. Good-night, Joanna. It is time for you to go to sleep, instead of looking at the stars." And so I went back to peaceful dreams, all unconscious of the ill I had done.

X.

The village turned out to see our start on the morning of our departure for C—. The Austrian soldiers lent a hand, knots were tied with immense exertion, chairs and steps placed in convenient positions for the ascent of gigantic mules. Windows were noisily opened, advice was given, pieces of string were freely distributed; an hour must have passed in tying and untying every part of the apparatus of four bags and a knapsack and three sheepskin saddles: the very tails of the mules seemed to me fastened on with string. At last we clattered off cheerfully through the village street with our heads over our shoulders responding to the signora's farewell wavings and blessings. I can see the slim anxious figure before me now standing by the fountain and watching us go. Mario cried out that he should follow on Monday, and flourished his cap. The three hateful washerwomen burst out into shrill laughter. Then we passed Signora della Santa's door; then the house of our talkative friend with all the children. Five or six of them rushed out frantic into the street. Tom trudged ahead with his great axe, then came Bruno, who had hustled to the front with his pan-

niers full of hand-bags; then H. and I on our sheepskins highly perched; and Nata came last, with Joanna walking by the side of her mule. She was very pale and silent, and Joanna spoke not a word at starting. More than once I saw her looking back at the familiar sight. The ridges of the mountains, with the well-known dents and clefts, the piled roofs of the village, the steeple. There was Signora della Santa's gate, looking now quite small, like a doll's house; there was the chimney of the "Black Eagle," and the smoke from the kitchen where the pot was boiling. I could imagine how those lines and shadows must look to Joanna like the lines and marks on a familiar face. Nata never turned her head, but rode on drooping and thoughtful all through the golden hours of that great day. How can one write it down? A flowing melody of mountain, and valley, and rushing water, and green things drifting and creeping everywhere; flowers white, and gold, and violet, as it were, striking sweet notes. High and solemn ridges dominating green valleys, and limpid streams rippling with a sweet impetuous dash. Now we follow Bruno along a narrow gorge of dazzling shadow and solemn lights. They come flowing from the towering heights overhead. We ride through a dell of moss and of lawn folded against the rocks, and round the tall stems of the cedar-trees. They stand keeping watch like sentinels at the gate of the pass. Then higher still the open world shines round us, snow-peaks heave, the blue heaven comes down, the mules climb step by step, the sun begins to burn: we pass crosses casting a slender line of shade across the rocks that pave our way; we scale smooth fragrant alps, where the goats and cows come from over the horizon tinkling down to meet us, and to gaze at us with wild brown eyes. The people at work up in the faint green heights seem to look down at us too. Time passes: the lights grow more clear, the colours more light. We cross a wide green alp, where a few satyrs, and shepherds in goatskins, and brown-faced children are keeping the flocks; and then at last we stop in a scooped, green, silent valley, where the procession comes to a halt, and Bruno quietly begins to browse, and the mules, seeing Bruno stop, stop too, and Peter and Luigi, the mule-men, light their pipes afresh. We are at the summit of the pass.

Peter was a great big fellow, a German Tyrolese, with this constant pipe in his mouth (it was painted with a cottage and a rural view). He seemed much taken by Joanna, and tried to make conversation all

along the road. He now came to offer assistance; but she treated his advances in a very lofty fashion, and turning her back, began unpacking for herself the basket of provisions we had brought—ripe figs, hard eggs, and rolls, and a little wine. The guides went to a wooden chalet close by, and came back with a pail of milk. They were followed by some children, and a girl of about fifteen, and a calf that instantly trotted up to Bruno and moo'd. High up the father and mother were at work reaping the grass, and one little girl was toiling up the long burning slope with their mid-day meal. I was going to begin my lunch when H. called me.

"Come here for one minute," she said. She was standing on a little eminence. I hardly know now what we saw at that hour as we stood there together. Our hearts and eyes were opened suddenly, for the sky was so purple-blue, the rocks at hand tinted, dented, modelled with tender inscrutable transitions, beautiful, tremulous, with blue and brown; the world beyond was snow and light and rocky ridge. The ice-bound Marmolata rose before us; we saw peak beyond peak, an infinity not too infinite. At our feet the soft brushwood all flowered and tangled with tendrils and leaves. There were great star-thistles of silver, blue-bells, leaves tongue-shaped, streaked with red veins, argentine, and bronze, and silver.

When we came back I was surprised to find Joanna talking very confidentially to the tall guide, Peter of the Shirt-sleeves. Her haughty reserve seemed to have melted, and she was asking him questions, one after another, about the country, the ways, the guides, the travellers, and the rocks. Had he ever been up the Marmolata? What was it like up there? And the Schlern—that was where we were going; was it green? were there any flowers? was it very difficult to ascend?

"It was not easy for women," the guide said. "The Count de Pavis had been up last year, and this year again; but he had alert legs, they said."

"I should like to go," said Joanna, thoughtfully.

"Shall I take you?" said the guide, gallantly.

Joanna looked at me, and did not answer.

That night we slept at a little inn in a lonely, desolate place, with ragged, gentle people, wooden houses falling to decay, and foaming waters rushing through many streams and troughs. Fortunata dined with us in a great bedroom, where our dinner was served, by a crucifix. Joanna

waited,—nothing would induce her to sit down.

On the second day's journey we came to a desolate pass, where rocks, rounded and massed in strange unnatural shapes, were piled along the road. There was something *human*, and, to me, most horrible about them; they were not ragged, and rugged, and wild, like those we had passed before; but they looked as if they had been modelled by some terrible hands, rounded and smoothed, and kneaded for some strange purpose, and poised one on the other in awful-looking heaps of lumps and balls and columns, upon which no flowers could spring, no green things could grow.

"There! Nata is crushed by a load like one of those," said Joanna; "and I, too, have one upon my heart."

For some time past the clouds had been gathering, and a damp mist enclosed us closer and closer, parting to show black tossing waves of cloud beyond; there was an echo of thunder in the air.

Nata still rode on in her sad, listless way: she did not seem to care whether storm or sunshine fell upon her head.

"There is a storm coming," said Tom, cheerfully.

"Don't be afraid," cried the guide. "We are close to a shelter."

We pushed on, and, as he promised, we were able to reach a little lonely hut, standing at the edge of the great Seisser Alp, just before the storm broke. The old landlord came out to shake us by the hand and make us welcome. He was a strange old man, with leather-breeches and grey stockings, and a hook nose and a lean brown face. He brought us into his room, smoke-stained and wood-panelled, and bidding us to be seated, he left us hastily, to hurry down and put the animals under shelter; and then the shadowy armies came rolling across the mighty Alp, echoing, deafening, and breaking into falling streams of water.

"It will soon be over," the landlord said, coming up with the guides, and putting places for us all at his tripod table. "I have got bread," he said, "and cheese, and wine; plenty to make merry with for married and single. Are you married?" he asked Fortunata, who blushed up and shook her head smiling.

"Then," said the old fellow, "you have no sorrows and no joys. The single have neither sorrows nor joys. Will you stay with me and be my sennerrinn? You shall milk the cows, and learn to call my pigs by their names."

"That is more suitable for me," said

Joanna, laughing. "I will stay and be your sennerinn."

So we sat breaking the hard wooden biscuits, and listening to the storms all tramping round the lonely chalet. Tom stood outside the door, on the wooden balcony, watching for a break in the clouds. The old fellow busied himself waiting on us, talking, and serving us. He made his own cheese, he told us, and his butter; he did everything himself, and lived alone, except when travellers came, like ourselves, to visit him. He had various ingenious devices for lessening his labours. I remember, among other things, noticing a wooden pipe for pigs'-wash from the balcony straight into the trough below. The tall guide, who was used to storms, sat with his two arms on the table, gaping at Joanna, and philosophically smoking his great pipe. His companion went down to have a look at the beasts. Our old host, in his turn, produced a handsome silver-pipe, with a top such as they use in those parts; and when H. said, smiling, that it was pretty, he pulled it out of his mouth and begged her to smoke it for him. Tom went off into convulsive chuckles at the notion of his mother smoking a pipe. The old fellow laughed, seeing us laugh, and then skipped off quickly to see to some household arrangement.

"The last visitors I had," said he, clattering about his pans, "were English, like yourselves — two ladies and two gentlemen. The gentlemen had been up the Schlern. One of them was a botanist, and he told me that there was no such place, not in all his country, for flowers and grasses. He had white and blue, and red and violet — a box full. See, he left me some edelweiss," said the old fellow, pointing to a great bunch stuck into his hat that was hanging on a peg.

"And is this the way to the Schlern?" said Joanna.

"This is one of the ways," said the host. "You cross the Alp by the Horses' Teeth — oh, it is nothing; and if I had my young legs —" here he slapped his leather gaiters. "People sometimes sleep here before they start; look, I have a handsome guest-chamber." And as he spoke he opened a door and showed us a wooden chamber with three beds in it. "You ladies will be comfortable in there, if you have to stay all night."

"Confound the weather!" said Tom, coming in from the gallery, and shaking himself.

There were three rooms to the chalet: the dairy, the kitchen, and the guest-chamber, all opening into one another; underneath was the pigs' house, and the hay

stable. In another stable, separate from the house, the mules were safely housed, dry and warm, out of the pouring rain. It was falling in sheets of water and hail, that came we could scarce tell from whence, so thick were the clouds and the vapours rolling along the ground. But the guides went on predicting fair weather, and about three o'clock the clouds broke, and the vapours drifted away: a bright sun came out suddenly, a world was created out of the chaos, and once more we started on our journey. The old fellow bade us farewell, and then let us go our way. He stood in his gallery as we rode away; he never looked after us. I can hear him now calling his pigs by their names. They were his real friends and companions in his lonely chalet in the midst of that great Alp.

XI.

The baths of R — lie deep hidden among cool, green woods, where the waters ripple through mosses. From the crest of the opposite mountain we could see the shining summits of fir-trees, and a golden gloom among their stems. An old ruined castle on the hill stood solitary and radiant. Some black rooks were floating over it in a crescent, but I could see no sign of a dwelling-place for human people. As we stumbled along we passed some peasants, who stared, and smiled, and marched on. One woman looked earnestly at Fortunata riding by, and suddenly emptied half the pears in her basket into the girl's lap. But it was Joanna who nodded "Thank you," and began to crunch the ripe fruit. All day long she had come with even steps, never hurrying, rarely lagging behind; and yet she talked to every passer by, told them with pride that we were travelling together, asked questions all along the road, shook hands freely, and made the holy sign by every wayside cross. As for Nata, she hardly looked up or spoke, but jogged on quietly, drooping a little with sad eyes that scarcely brightened. She did not care for the beauty of sights we passed. People in far worse trouble than Nata's can perhaps feel with living people and animate happiness, and find comfort in it; but it is in vain to ask them to be glad because we have taken them to a high pass, and because the sun is shining on a heap of earth and trees, and the flowers are luxuriant. It is only when the first bitterness of the spirit is past that the voice of nature can reach sad ears. Her call is too still, too gentle, to be heard when a tumult is in the heart.

"This is now the last ascent," said the

guide, as we reached the woods: "this path leads straight to the baths."

Where had we come to? Did gods bathe in the waters above? had they passed before us, leaving the radiance of their footsteps behind them? Now that we had entered the gloom, we found it changed to a delight, a mystery, a shimmer. Golden twigs and stems, and creeping sprays hid the radiating sky: everywhere hung veils of moss, so wild, so soft, that it seemed as if they must have come gently blown by the wind; we passed a crystal pool reflecting these sweet wonders; there was a faint, fragrant essence in the air, glistening pine-cones were piled along the grass, and flowers and wild strawberries sparkled like rubies. It was the last golden minute of this long day: suddenly the evening came upon us, and the enchantment was over.

We were not yet at our journey's end, for Peter lighted a fresh pipe. When we asked where the house could be, the men nodded and pointed, and strode on by the stumbling mules. We were utterly tired out, and the way seemed very long; but at last the path opened wider, and a woman came strolling along, knitting in the twilight. She signed to the men and passed on; then we saw four people walking arm-in-arm, who stood to let us pass, but said nothing; and at last, at a turn, we came upon an open space, in the midst of which were two dusky wooden houses. Shadowy groups were standing round about in the twilight, and overhead, silent, dusky figures were watching from a wooden gallery.

So here, in the very heart of this fairy land, the country people had built their little bath-house, and would come to drink the waters. They were big, gentle, ox-eyed people, with solemn ways, and calm faces. Even the children played in a sober fashion, in their little conical hats. Frau Hofer came down to meet us, and gravely kissed her cousin; she was followed by a sort of Audrey, — a big peasant-woman, — who strode along the wooden gallery, and silently flung wide open the doors of our room. The gallery crossed one great window, dimly lighted, and as I passed, I saw that this was the altar window of a little chapel, and the lights were burning on the altar. At the end of the gallery was an open balcony, where two old men were sitting on a bench close to my door, smoking their silver-topped pipes, and listening to the chorus coming from the dusk below. It was a quaint, mystical place that we had come to. I thought of the woods through which we had passed rustling in the twi-

light, now that the tide of light had ebbed away; of sleeping birds, of torpid insects, and closed chalice of flowers, of the little snakes lying drowsy in the mossy rocks, and squirrels, and all the harmless woodland life, while here was this strange, silent company, wakeful still, and assembled round the little chapel. Was it all fairy work? were these stately people courtiers in disguise? was Rosalind among them, and melancholy Jaques? or was this the wood in which poor Hermia wandered, and Titania hid her Indian boy? Had Shakspeare been here in a dream one night?

The bed-rooms were little rooms with wooden doors and floors and windows, and little straw beds; Joanna and Nata had one together, and my room came next. "Come quick and rest, Nata," I heard the sturdy Joanna saying. She had speedily made friends with the landlady, and I presently met her hurrying along the passage carrying some supper for herself and Nata on a little tray: some fish, two glasses of sparkling water and a piece of bread.

"She is tired, poor little thing. I am taking this to her," said Joanna. "The gentry are served in the dining-room — they will find the priest there and our guides."

There was a tall crucifix at the end of the long bare dining-room, where the priest was supping with his candle before him, and a table was set opposite with another that was lighted for us. Peter and the other man were also sitting drinking and munching the hard seed-biscuit of the country with their enormous mouths, a few peasants looked in at us and went away, the little waitress came and went, like Nata and her sister used to do, with her pouch of office hanging from her waist. In the middle of his supper the old priest rose from table, and stood with folded hands and reverently said a prayer, and then sat down again. Joanna, who had come in, crossed herself devoutly, and then went up and entered into conversation with him. He listened and ate, and responded with benevolent nods. Did many gentry come to the place? Not many, Joanna imagined; it was not to compare for furniture to their own "Black Eagle" at C—.

"But it is pretty here in the forest in summer-time," said the old priest.

"Eh! summer is better than winter," says Joanna; "everything looks so green, and there is plenty of food for the cattle, and flowers grow by the cart-full."

The old priest told her, as he helped himself to prunes, that this was the country for flowers. "Collectors came from every part of Europe; up on the Schlern," he said,

"there are many rare species I myself have gathered there." We left her still plying him with questions, to go and sit out in the dusk of the wooden gallery until it was time to go to bed. Fragrant and cool came the air blowing in our faces, softly shone the stars and the great crescent moon beyond the ruined castle. One or two of the people spoke to us, as they, too, stood admiring and leaning against the wooden balustrade. One funny little girl, called Urse, came up and sat upon the bench beside me, and asked as usual if we were married, and showed H. her silver ring that her father had given her, only it was too dark to see the little cross upon it and the letters beneath.

XII.

Fortunata came knocking at my door early next morning before I was quite ready. I had been listening for some time to the waking sounds, the voices in the chapel, the children calling to one another, the pump, the footsteps on the wooden gallery. I had heard little Urse chattering outside my door, and Fortunata and Madame Hofer calling Joanna once or twice.

"Is Joanna with you?" Fortunata said.

I answered through my door: "I have not seen her; tell them to prepare our breakfast with buttered eggs."

"Yes," said Fortunata, going away.

Our breakfast was ready spread in the long room. There were three glasses, very brightly polished, to drink the coffee, three dry twisted horns of bread, and a great dish of eggs broken up, and smoking and cooked with pepper. We felt a little ashamed of our luxurious habits when we saw the peasant-women coming shyly to ask for their modest glasses of fresh water and dry half-horns of bread. I was pouring H.'s coffee into her glass when Fortunata came again.

"Had we all we wished? could she get us anything, Signora?" Fortunata said. "I cannot imagine where Joanna can be. She was gone when I awoke this morning; she has not been to mass; she has had no breakfast; I cannot find her anywhere."

"She has gone off for a ramble this lovely morning," said H. "My dear, ask Madame Hofer for some more hot milk."

"Cousin Hofer says she may have gone up to the castle," Fortunata cried, coming back with the milk; and then H. proposed we should all go there after breakfast.

Many of the women were only now coming out of the chapel and crowding through the doorway. The old fellows, whose devotions were shorter—naturally, at their age, they could not have so much to pray

for—were already established on their wooden benches, and stiffly stretching their kneebreeches along the gallery and in front of the baths; they gravely nodded good mornings over their silver-topped pipes. Urse and her little brother were standing swinging two great baskets on the green in front of the houses, and we asked them to come with us. But they said no, they were going to pick strawberries with Peter; he had desired them to wait.

Peter came up at this minute, and I asked him if he had seen nothing of Joanna. We had missed her, and were a little anxious. The giant chuckled, as if it was a capital joke. "Had she run away? She was a strong one, she had no timidity, and would come to no harm. She wishes to outrun you all," Peter said. "There are plenty on the Alp to help her if she loses her way; besides, I told her many things as we came along; and now she will see the world for herself."

I could not help a disagreeable feeling that this great fellow knew more than he chose to tell. However, my suspicions were too vague to put into other people's heads. I watched him march off with swinging shirt-sleeves, and the two children scampering after with their baskets.

We had a charming stroll to the old castle, climbing step by step between the circling stems of the fir-trees, among grey stones and mosses, and under bright changing shadows. Fortunata cheered up a little, and told us a story on the way.

"Once," she said, "there was another castle belonging to a cruel knight, who ravaged all the country round, and when the owner of this castle had to go away for a long journey, he desired his lady if she loved him not to pass beyond the walls till his return, and he collected provisions for a year, and he left her with her maid to wait his return. And some time after he had left, a little baby was born to the lady, and she and the maid tended it and nursed it. But when the year was nearly at an end, the provisions began to fail.

"The knight did not return till a year and a day after he had left his home. Then he came hurrying up the hill, and he saw some one watching for him from the tower-window, and he spurred his horse and waved his hand. But when he entered the castle all was silent, and no one came to meet him. The lady was dead," said Nata; "she had died watching from the window, with her little baby in her arms. The provisions were all gone and they had starved to death; and the poor maid was dead too," said Nata, and as she said it she turned a

little pale and stumbled over a stone. "The villagers say the white lady sometimes watches still from the old tower-window with her infant in her arms," she added. "Look! was that any one? can Joanna be up there?"

We reached the mossy old castle, with its sweet wild woodland view, but we found no Joanna, only some goats browsing the grass among the ruins. I could see that Fortunata was getting very anxious, though she said little; she was weak and impressionable, and her languor seemed to have changed into a sort of fever; her cheeks burned. I scolded her for it and for being so silly as to be frightened, but in truth we too thought it strange when we got down to find no news of the girl. Our Audrey was cleaning her pails, and knew nothing of Joanna, except that she had not come back. And then Nata went away into the little chapel. I saw her kneeling there, poor little thing, with her face buried in her hands, as I passed the gallery window.

Joanna was a stout, hearty girl. Madame Hofer said, as Peter had done, that she had gone out for a walk and probably lost her way; but there were people at work on the Alps all about who would put her in the right road again. To quiet Fortunata, we determined to send round to the neighbouring chalets and ask if she had been seen, and this being settled, Madame Hofer went on with her cooking. All the peasant people were very kind and reassuring; one or two of them volunteered to go off and look for her. The old fellows took their silver pipes out of their mouths to recount their own early exploits. "Perhaps she has gone up the Schlern," said one of the boys, open-mouthed; but he was peremptorily snubbed for the suggestion by his grandfather. "The Schlern was not for little boys or women." And so the time passed slowly as the shadows shifted, to the hum of the voices tranquilly discoursing, to the measured footsteps of the people crossing the little gallery. The old men, who seemed permanently established on the bench outside my door, made their jokes as the younger women passed by; the housemaid, followed by her tame goat, clumped from the well to the kitchen and back to the well again with her tubs. It was all sunny and warm and sweet, and would have been utterly peaceful to me if it had not been for the thought of poor little Nata with her burning cheeks. Seeing her flit past my window, I thought it best to lay hands upon her.

"Come in here, Nata," I said, "and keep still, my dear. You will flurry your-

self into a fever if you come and go in the sun. We have sent some messengers to ask news of Joanna. Madame Hofer will send us word when they return."

"Cousin Hofer only laughs," Fortunata said, trying not to cry. The troubles and agitations of the last few days had told upon her nerves. I guess that they had been strained to the utmost before. For herself, the girl had plenty of spirit, and had done her best to bear the doubt, vexation, and wretchedness from which she had suffered so cruelly of late. She had been good, and uttered no word of complaint; but who can say what cruel pangs that poor little heart had endured. She had been foolish, perhaps, and romantic; but Nata's was a deep sweet nature, and her heart beat truly; and though she could struggle for herself, she broke down in nervous terror for Joanna.

"Oh, Signora," she said, a little wildly, "all this time I have tried not to feel, and to-day I am all like one who is dead. I don't feel, and yet I know that I am suffering. Yesterday was a terrible day, so beautiful and yet so sad; all I saw only seemed like beautiful pain, and Joanna walked beside me saying, 'Courage, courage;' and now, if harm has come to her, if wild beasts — if —" Nata broke out into sobs.

"Listen, my dear," I said. "This is all nonsense; there are no wild beasts in these woods except little squirrels and rabbits, and when Joanna comes home we will give her the scolding she deserves for frightening us all. Now you must lie down and wait patiently till the messengers return. Don't, my child." She was kissing my hand just like a child. She did not lie down, but sat on the straw chair beside the bed, resting her aching head on the dark cotton counterpane. The tears and the silence soothed her, and now that she had ceased to struggle against her terrors they seemed to harass her less. At last she was quiet, and I, sitting in the window, took up a book and tried to read. It was a pretty story, but I could not fix my mind upon it. I looked at Madame Hofer standing in the gallery and resting after her morning's work, and then at the fir-trees, and at the bright azure beyond them; and then I watched little Urse and her brother running across the green. They ran straight towards a peasant-woman who was knitting a stocking in the sun. At first I thought they were at play, for they clung to her skirt and the woman bent over them. I fancied she might be their mother. She dropped her knitting and caught little Urse's hand. Something in her action dis-

turbed me, and at the same time I saw Madame Hofer lean forward over the low wooden gallery. It might be a fancy, but my heart began to beat with a nervous apprehension as I put down my book and went out quickly. When I came out on the balcony I found that it was indeed no play that was going on: the children were sobbing, and their mother, with a scared face was hurrying towards the house.

"Frau Hofer!" she said, "come you quick—here is something happened in the wood!" I had left the door of my room open, and at the cry the woman gave Nata came running out too. She seemed to guess what had happened almost before the children spoke.

"Joanna was lying at the foot of the Schlern," they said. "The gentleman found her, and he called Hans," sobbed little Urse, "when he was climbing for strawberries, and I called Peter, and when Peter came he told us to stop, and ran away, and he did not come back, and she was lying quite still in her hat."

"And there was blood upon it," said Hans, "and Urse said she was dead, and the gentleman got angry, and said, 'Why did no one come?' and I was frightened. And Urse came too."

"I could not stay alone with the stranger, he frightened me," sobbed little Urse.

"You heartless children, to leave her!" cried Frau Hofer, striking at Hans. Nata caught her hand. "It is well that they came to tell us; now we can go to her," she said, quite calmly, and in a faint shrill voice. "Hans will show the way. Will you tell some one to follow us, Cousin Hofer, with wine and a blanket to carry her home." Nata was the calmest and most collected of us all.

The children led the way along the winding path, under the trees; on our way we met Peter, the carter, flying through the brushwood. He had been, I don't know where, to leave a message for the doctor. "He is in these parts to-day," he said breathless; "he is curing Anton Burlis' mother of her fever. Courage," said he, kindly, "Joanna is not dead, don't fear. So I said to the man who found her, 'Ho! she will live. I gave myself just such another crack on the head, and I am none the worse.'" Madame Hofer shrugged her shoulders. "Your head!" she said, expressively.

"The stranger is gone," said Peter. "Here she is by this great rock."

She was not dead, poor dear child. She was lying senseless, alone, in her hat, as the children described her, in a still green

nook, at the foot of the great Schlern mountain. Everywhere hung green veils of light, and of soft mosses spreading over every stone and path-way, and green misty depths showed beyond the stems of the fir-trees. Was this sweet silent valley the valley of the shadow of death? I wondered. Was this a death-bed?—this carpet, where gentians and harebells were shining, and white petals blown by the wind, and insects gathering sweet juices out of silver stars. Even from the rocks green creepers were hanging; those cruel massed rocks from which she must have fallen!

At the time I hardly saw anything but her pale lips. Now the whole scene rises up before me in its intense sadness and beauty. That still green dell with the sound of the crickets whistling, Madame Hofer's scared face, the children hanging back behind their mother's skirt, and Nata, tender and passionate, kneeling by the poor senseless body, raising the pale head in her arms, gently loosening the hat from the clotted plaits to which it had been fastened. If Joanna lived, this absurd hat had probably saved her life. Dear honest Joanna, surely there was no life so precious among us all; so useful, so kindly, so cheerful and contented. Soon some of the good people came from the bath-house, bringing a hay-cloth to carry her home. They laid her gently down upon it; they were all subdued by that mystery of inanition, and spoke below their breaths. Only Peter talked out as usual, and described "his crack" to each new comer.

XIII.

Something now happened which seemed to add to the strangeness and unreality of this sad moment. For some minutes past a murmuring sound had reached us from the heights above, and we now saw a quaint procession—men and women—passing along the edge of the cliff overhead, in conical hats like poor Joanna's; the men wore flapping waistcoats like Peter's; they all held rosaries in their hands, and were praying aloud as they went. They did not see us, nor did they hear Peter when he called; their prayers drowned his voice. It is not the first time that such a thing has happened. As he cried "Hola!" they walked on, and disappeared, but another voice, nearer at hand but from a different direction, answered, and in a minute more a figure came leaping from rock to rock with quick awkward haste, and hurried towards us. . . . Did I not recognize it? Those long loose limbs, that nervous haste, that green vasculum swinging from its strap!

I looked once, and then again bewildered, and then at Nata, who was gazing with a changing face. Yes, she too recognized him: it was the Count, he was unmistakable. "Ah, there he is come back," said Peter, in a satisfied tone. "He found her, but he did not know what to do till I came up." Even at this moment, to my shame I confess, a thought of what the future might have in store came to me. Dear honest Joanna herself would have been the first to share it. The load seemed lightened. All must be well for Nata, since Count Saverio had come to her. All well! Of what was I thinking? Here was De Pavis trembling and scared, Nata crying, and our poor Joanna lying senseless, still in her bearer's arms, with her fair hair clotted with blood.

"Thank heaven you are here! I thought you were never coming," said the Count, coming straight towards us and not looking surprised to see us. "I had gone a little way to look for you. We must get her home. I found her by the strangest, saddest chance. Don't cry, Nata; she *must* get well." He seemed quite unnerved, and unlike himself; perhaps for the first time in his life he had come in contact with a real sorrow.

And so they carried her home, quickly and carefully, along the little winding paths, crossing the little brooks, stooping beneath the branches of the fir-trees. Peter was at Joanna's head, two stout peasant-women held the cloth at her feet, and Nata walked at her side. The first great burst of summer was over, and the life of this sylvan world seemed subdued to a gentler radiance. The year was ending in peaceful dissolution. But our Joanna's life was not yet at its end; nor had her warm heart ceased to beat for ever for those she loved. Many of the peasants from the bath-house had joined us, and came quietly along. More than one of these compassionate people fell down on their knees by the wayside cross to pray for Joanna's life, as she was carried by, with that silent face, and the heavy hand hanging over the side of the cloth.

All the way back Saverio never spoke, nor did Nata seem to heed his presence: her whole wistful heart seemed given to Joanna. But as they walked along, I saw him looking at her with a humble pitiful look that touched me and made me like him better than I had ever done. She was so changed, so thin, so sad. Even his return could not bring back her bloom all in one moment. What a mystery it is that the happiness, the light of one life, should be so

often in the gift of another's will! Which of us is there that does not hold chords that may vibrate from the very hearts of those about us? Let us pray that with reverent and loving care we may use our power, half-unconscious as it is. . . .

I hurried on before them to make ready a room, and I had hardly prepared everything, with Audrey's help, when she said, looking from the gallery, "Here they come, and there is the doctor." The doctor came walking through the wood, and met the little procession as it reached the foot of the wooden stairs. Many brown hands were held out to greet him, and he nodded right and left as he followed Joanna's bearers up the creaking wooden flight. He was an old man with long white hair and a staff and silver pipe, which he gave me to hold while he helped to lay Joanna on the straw bed which had been made ready.

"There are too many here," he said, motioning the people gently out of the room. "She will soon revive."

"That is as I told you," said Peter, with a slap upon his knee. Then he jerked his chin. "What is that she is holding in her hand?" he said.

Madame Hofer gently unclasped the poor fingers and took a tuft of crushed purple flowers from between them. "It is only a flower," she said.

"It is Moretti's Campanula," said the doctor, taking it into his own hand. "She must have caught it as she fell, poor child."

There was a moment's silence, then a sudden burst of new tears.

"Oh, my dear, my poor dear," sobbed Nata, as she fell on her knees, and hiding her face in her hands. "The flower, the lilac flower! Oh, Signora, do you remember?"

Did I remember! — my foolish words and nonsense, talk of charms and magic, and Joanna's wistful eyes and self-reproach that night upon the terrace. I remembered it all; could it be that I had done all this mischief by my idle words? Ah me, the reproach was mine now, and I was too old to cry it away like Fortunata, but the pang was a real one.

The Count seemed uneasy too; he turned very red, and I think he muttered something about the "Devil take that infernal flower" as he left the room; but he came back for one instant to say, "Courage, Nata: don't cry!" And he put his arm round her and raised her up. And she looked up at him through her tears with a half-doubting truthful look, like some little wild animal that knows as yet no fear. Then they all went away, and we undressed

Joanna as well as we could. It seemed an age while the doctor examined her. She was cruelly bruised and cut and sprained on the side on which she had fallen; and there, besides, was the one deep cruel wound beneath her hair; but the high hat had saved her life, for the skull was uninjured. Peter stood outside ready to go off again for medicine and bandages to the Alp where the doctor was staying; Nata's tears kept dropping—dropping on the counterpane, on the straw mattress, on the dear pale face. But they were softer, happier tears, for Joanna's colour revived a little beneath this gentle rain; light came into her dim eyes, she stirred and whispered, "Nata, here!" then she opened her eyes wide and looked a little wildly from one to the other. The doctor nodded. "All goes well," he said; and then he wrote something against the wall, and he went to the door and gave it to Peter, who bounded down the gallery in two steps. There was a little whisper outside amongst the peasants, while here inside Madame Hofer stood with a candle and a pair of scissors; and Nata was hanging over Joanna's bed silently, and yet with all her tenderest heart's signs and unspoken language welcoming her back to life after that awful journey from which she was returning.

"The Signora!" Joanna said, recognizing me; but she began feeling about the bedclothes and faltered something about a flower.

"Hush—hush! It is safe, you are safe; all, all is well," said Nata, clasping her hands. "Lie still while we thank God for your deliverance from peril."

Some minutes afterwards I saw the doctor looking about uneasily from one side to the other. "Is anything amiss?" I asked, anxiously. "I have mislaid my pipe," he said; and then I discovered that I had been holding the pipe all the while in my hand.

The doctor had done his work, and sat chattering with the old oracles down below. Joanna was unconscious again, but this time it was only a quiet sleep, after the pain and fatigue of having her hurts dressed and attended to. H., with her kind face beaming with sympathy, came gently stirring the door-handle to call me to supper.

"This morning it was Joanna. Now it is Fortunata who is lost, just when supper is ready too," said Madame Hofer, meeting us, and speaking with some asperity.

XIV.

H. waited till she was gone, then she laid her hand on my arm and pointed to two

dim figures on a seat beneath a tree. As we were looking at them they got up and came strolling towards the house. A minute or two after they came into the dining-room. They stood at the door, blinking their eyes in the dazzle of two candles and the soup-tureen. Perhaps I ought to have had more apprehensions, but somehow since Saverio's return I had felt none, and I went to meet them, saying, "Come, here is the soup. Joanna is asleep, and Urse's mother is with her, and we are only waiting for you."

"I am sorry to have detained you," said the Count, standing quite erect, with a look of such real happiness in his face that it was not difficult to foresee what was coming, while Nata took my hand and pressed it, with a long soft thrill that told me all I wanted to know. However, they said no more just then, and all supper-time the Count was much as usual. Nata eat nothing, but sat with innocent happy eyes, looking as I had never seen her look before. I was struck, for the first time, by her extreme beauty and dazzling brilliancy of colour. It was like sunlight shining after a cloud had passed away. During supper the Count told us that he had been busy of late completing a collection, and writing the last chapters of his work upon mountain campanulas. There are no less than sixty different species of these charming flowers, he informed us, of which forty are to be found in the Alps alone. "I wished to give my whole mind to my work," he said, with an odd look as he eat his chicken. "My book has given me a great deal of trouble, and taken a long time to write," he added.

Almost too long a time for his happiness, I thought. After supper I went out into the gallery again. Seeing me standing a little apart, Nata came up, flung her arms round me, and began whispering her happiness in the twilight.

"Oh, Signora, he loves me—he loves me—he is my betrothed."

Afterwards I heard more, not from Nata nor from the Count, but from my old friend Della Santa; she it was who had warned him of the cruel gossip of the place. He was greatly disturbed and shocked, and very indignant. He had never faced the matter fairly until then. In spite of his aunt's horrified warnings he started at once to follow Nata, and only once (so he confessed long afterwards) did he hesitate at the thought of the storm he should bring about his head by such a marriage. This was a minute before chance, or Providence, brought him to the rock where poor Joanna was lying.

How sweet the evening fell after that long toilsome day. The full moon came sliding up from behind the roof, the lights gleamed, the dark figures passed, and very very far away the echo of a Tyrolese chaunt reached us from one of the Alps. The doctor and the priest passed us smoking their pipes. "You may be quite at ease about your patient," said the doctor, nodding as he went by.

It seemed too much almost. "You will never be able to persuade Joanna that the purple flower is not a charm," said H.

"I will try," I said, feeling very much ashamed. "I shall tell her that charms are not the things themselves, but are signs of the facts they represent. When I put my hand in yours, it is a sign that I love you, that I am thinking of you. When people love each other truly, anything, everything becomes a charm; and flowers, and bits of hair, and old ribbons, and rings, and all sorts of rubbish, become priceless."

"I think I understand you," said H. smiling; "but I don't think Joanna will." And I am afraid H. was right.

GIRLHOOD: ITS IDLENESS.—I would say—and thank heaven that I can say it with truth—that English girlhood still retains so much of its boasted purity, sweetness, and simple-mindedness, as to make the photograph of the few the caricature of the many, and that if we number amongst our ranks some in whose lives, alas! those terrible mistakes which have been freely represented, exist and endure, for the rest no graver accusation can be made than that our lives are colourless and negative, and that with much good intention but relinquished purpose "we sit idle all the day long." I think in this I strike the key-note—I point to the first great cause. Some one may read these words to whom I address nothing new. She knows too well how activity was succeeded by painful effort, how to effort was added supineness, and how on supineness followed sloth. She remembers the hopes of usefulness, and the gentle dreams of ambition, the pure pleasures, the innocent happiness, as the fading memories of a renounced and forgotten life. But too late she sees the mighty strength of a resistless tide—too late, the beauty of the distant shore. And if she thinks, as think she must if she have aught of pleasure left in fair and lovely things, it is with bitter regret at that saddest of all thoughts, the far-off image of a nobler self, and the wilful yielding to the indulgence of a pleasure-seeking day. There are too many who thus waste their time, their faculties, nay, their very health, in utter listlessness and helplessness, blind to the fact that once to have been, is worse than never to have been, and that verily to scrub floors is better than to lie on a sofa, and live the life of an imbecile, an infant, or a cabbage. Such—and she is the prototype of hundreds—is the embryo of the fast girl. When we meet her we recognize the developed form of the merely useless one, and emerge once more, though downwards, from the passive to the active condition. It is not that she does nothing, but that she does nothing, well; it is not that she possesses the celebrated "idle hands" of nursery lore, but that those hands are given to "mischief." There is no need to describe her, and it is scarcely for her I write. Every one knows the

gaudily attired frequenter of promenades, with her bold, giddy manners, and her *outré* head-gear, conversing by signs with every man who rewards her with a glance or smile, and ready to flirt with any, from a school-boy upwards, who may take the trouble to introduce himself to her notice. There are many such in many places, but it is no just picture of the conduct or tastes of the whole. Follies like these—and it is an argument often urged by those who prefer patchwork reform—seem to constitute an objection to our fashionable places of resort, to our promenades, to our love of public life, but it is only a confusion of cause and effect. The cause is an inner one, and lies deeper. I think it is not a little for us to say that English girls are to be seen in every street and road of our island alone and in mixed company, and that rarely will the most observant person detect as he passes by, other than the murmur of harmless merriment, and conduct modest and refined. The French system of seclusion and surveillance, which is as utterly wrong from beginning to end as any idea that ever crazed a most sagacious people, is a fanaticism blind to the principles and interests of human nature. Does it succeed or does it fail? Is this delicately nurtured demoiselle, this violet reared in the shade, this truly French idealization of angelic virtue and beauty, to be really compared with the English once for firmness of purpose and high principle? No illustration is required to convince us that nature revenges herself as she ever will, in morbid and unhealthy growths, or a subsequent reaction so fraught with equal though less subtle danger, that it furnishes us with the key to many of the puzzles, and much of the phenomena of social life on the Continent. We English are no transcendentalists—we are a practical folk—we take plain views of romantic subjects—perhaps we criticize sacred ones—but it must be remembered we hide nothing, and in consequence may be we have little to hide. If we give ourselves up to the discomforts of a species of social "spring cleaning," at any rate we leave no corners unswept and ungarnished, and our windows are wide open to the air.

Victoria Magazine.

MISS RYE AND INFANT EMIGRATION.

[*Morning Post*, Oct. 30.]

WHATEVER may be said on the subject of emigration, there can be no doubt that there are cases in which it is an unqualified benefit. Such a case was that of the dockyard artizans, who were lately found to be in excess of the number Government had need of, and who, but for the help which enabled them to find a new home in Canada, would have been a burden to their respective parishes, and a trouble to themselves. They are now working their way hopefully in the Dominion of Canada, better off than while they were employed in her Majesty's service, and with prospects of advancement far greater than they could have had if they had remained at home. On Thursday another batch of emigrants of a very different character, left England for the same destination. They were not heads of families thrown out of employment, seeking a new field for their energies. They were the orphan children of parents who had fallen in the battle of life, beaten down by unfair odds, or cut off by disease, in the midst of successful efforts, and had no provision to leave their children but the compassion of a Christian country. The thought of eight boys, and sixty-eight girls, all, with the exception of ten, orphans, carried away from their native country before they could learn what it is, even in their humble sphere, to inherit the traditions of their race, has at first sight, a look of hardship about it. But most of these children were under eleven years of age, and as many as twenty of them were under seven. Two, who had lost their father, left their mother dying in a London hospital. Two others, who were also fatherless, left their mother, a poor London needlewoman, dead in the house where she had struggled in vain to support them. If we could get at the histories of the rest, we should probably find that at some period they had been as friendless as the four little emigrants whom Miss Rye took with her to Liverpool to join the expedition which sailed on Thursday. Fifty were contributed by the Liverpool Industrial Schools, which form part of the parochial system, upon an undertaking by Miss Rye to take them out to Canada at the rate of £3 per head. This arrangement leaves vacancies in the schools for fifty new candidates out of the host of "gutter children" who are to be found in all our large towns. To such emigrants the loss of country can have nothing sad about it. We can under-

stand with what unwillingness the mechanic who is married, and is the father of children, is forced to confess that he can no longer keep a roof over their heads in his own land. But all that our urchin gatherings from the streets ask is comfort and kindness. They are so young that they can have few associations which it will pain them to break. They have felt so little of the sunshine of life that they leave behind them nothing they can very much regret. When they are old enough to know the dangers they have escaped, they will not look back with a sense of exile to the country of their birth.

Is there not in this scheme of infant emigration which Miss Rye has initiated, a means of considerably lessening that saddest of all sights to the philanthropist who finds his way into our courts and alleys—the destitution of the young? It is not merely a physical destitution, nor are its miseries limited to hard fare for the body, and ignorance for the mind. It is the want of everything which human beings need to develop what is good in them, and curb what is bad; and it is the presence of everything which tends to bring about exactly the opposite results. Look for a moment at the plan which Miss Rye has inaugurated. She has prepared a house in Niagara to which she has given the name, "Our Western home." To this "Home" she is taking the children who sailed with her on Thursday, and there they will be kept in careful training till they are fifteen years of age, when they will be let out to service at fixed wages, but not released from Miss Rye's supervision till they are eighteen. At that age they become their own mistresses. Till then the "Home" stands to them in the relation of a parent, and care is taken that they are not sent into other families than such as are of good character and position. Add to all this the demand for female labour which there is in Canada, and what is left to be desired? The children leave nothing behind them which can cause them any of those deep regrets which sadden the adult emigrant; they are of an age when they have a right to have all they stand in need of done for them without any effort of their own, and when, therefore, they cannot feel the humiliation which more or less must oppress adults who are sent out by parishes or relief committees. Emigration is like a new birth to them, making them children of new and happier homes, in which, so long as they retain health and strength, they have no need to dread that spectre of poverty and

want, whose shadow haunts the doors of the humble classes in England.

[*Daily Telegraph*, Oct. 30.]

THE general fairness and expediency of deporting to other communities the embarrassing or the superfluous humanity of our own, is, as we have before now observed, open to question. But Canada stands greatly in need of female reinforcements to her population, and more especially of domestic servants; so that no doubt Miss Rye's benevolent speculation will turn out welcome and successful. In fact, the "Western Home" for their reception is already established; and the experience of this amiable and spirited lady in disposing of other animated cargoes has been, we believe, almost entirely satisfactory. What will be the fate of the present consignment? Many, no doubt when they come to years of reflection will but faintly recollect the great ship and the kind people who brought them out to their new country; but, so far as they can remember, they will have cause to bless the *Hibernian* and the consignees for an honest and independent life. Some, perchance — let us trust, only a few — may turn out bad merchandise, and come to no more good in the New World than they would have attained in the Old. A section of the little band may arrive at fortunate and delightful destinies indeed; for part of Miss Rye's scheme is to allow persons of unquestioned respectability and good intentions to adopt a child from among the cargo, if any little motherless and fatherless face should happen sufficiently to please some childless parent. So the world is literally "all before" these small and forlorn people, and "Providence their guide" — along with Miss Rye. It is a noble new chance for them all to enjoy; and the first step is taken by these little colonists under excellent and generous protection. Who knows what benefits may come in the future from this ship's cargo? what stout and useful descendants from the *Hibernian's* freight? what happy families and well-to-do households, tracing back the lineage of their possessions to the picture-book and the big plum-bun? For our part, we bid the good ship *Hibernian* "God speed" across the Atlantic, and wish Miss Rye a handsome profit upon her human commodity — a profit not of gold and silver, which she does not seek, but of lives rescued from poverty and shame to usefulness and honour, and little souls kept pure and sweet by having room given them in which to grow.

[*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, Oct. 30.]

THESE young girls will by-and-by engage, for the most part, in domestic service; but useful as is the function of the "help," it is a poor thing for a destiny, and of little importance in political economy, except so far as it may fit for and introduce to the condition of a "help-mate." These babies will one day become the partners and mothers of the race that is to level the forests, to exterminate animals of prey, and to rear great cities on the lairs of the beast and of the savage. They go forth at an age when physical taint can be eradicated, and before the age at which social defilement or degradation can be contracted, so that they may be considered an infusion of arterial blood into a body that is itself far from being as corrupt as our own society.

The example once set, and the experiment seen to work well, it may be taken for granted that it will be extensively followed up. Especially will this be the case with female children; because it is far more difficult to deal with our outcast and vagabond girls than with boys of a similar class. When the girls have passed through our industrial schools, it is always a question of profound perplexity what is to be done with them. They are usually handy and tolerably healthy, but not very well adapted for domestic servants, except in the inferior posts in very large establishments; and as to pressing them on the general market for female employment, it is almost like pushing them back into the helpless destitution from which their childhood was rescued and their early youth sheltered. But when all that Miss Rye and her earnest fellow-workers can accomplish has been allowed for, there will still be abundance of work to be done by and for those who stay at home. The hand must not slacken nor the heart be turned away from the responsibilities and anxieties of home benevolence, under an impression that the exodus of the little ones just commenced is likely enough to continue. Every little helps, and every well-considered plan for relieving the strain of poverty on the energies of public charity in England will be welcomed with no admixture of jealousy for many years to come.

[*Parochial Critic*.]

OF the sixty-eight little girls who are now passing over the Atlantic, fifty are from the Liverpool Industrial Schools connected with the parochial system of that city. The sum of £8 is paid with each child, and a box, containing twenty-eight

articles of apparel, was given to each. The £400 was raised partly by a voluntary rate and partly by subscription. Miss Rye had fully explained her plan to the Liverpool select vestry, and it was considered satisfactory. When the money is raised by voluntary efforts, and there are no parents to object to the emigration of the children, no ratepayer can object to have the workhouses and schools relieved of some of their inmates. In many cases it would be a saving if the parishes paid the £8 per head. With adults it would be different. If the rates were used for adult emigration, many of the poorest ratepayers would be contributing to confer a benefit upon others, which they could not get for themselves. Besides, it is no fault of the children that they are in the workhouses, although it is a great good fortune for them to be taken to "Our Western Home" provided for them by Miss Rye at Niagara, where they will be carefully trained until they are fifteen years of age; they will then be let out to service until they are eighteen, when they become their own mistresses. No doubt many of the children will be adopted. That is a rare thing in this country, but in Canada the objections to it do not exist.

From The Spectator.
DEEP-SEA DREDGINGS.

MEN have ever been strangely charmed by the unknown and the seemingly inaccessible. The astronomer exhibits the influence of this charm as he constructs larger and larger telescopes, that he may penetrate more and more deeply beyond the veil which conceals the greater part of the universe from the unaided eye. The geologist seeking to piece together the fragmentary records of the past which the earth's surface presents to him, is equally influenced by the charm of mystery and difficulty. And the microscopist who tries to force from nature the secret of the infinitely little, is led on by the same strange desire to discover just those matters which nature has been most careful to conceal from us.

The energy with which in recent times men have sought to master the problem of deep-sea sounding and deep-sea dredging, is, perhaps, one of the most striking instances ever afforded of the charm which the unknown possesses for mankind. Not long ago, one of the most eminent geographers of the sea spoke regretfully about the small knowledge men have obtained of

the depths of ocean. "Greater difficulties," he remarked, "than any presented by the problem of deep-sea research have been overcome in other branches of physical inquiry. Astronomers have measured the volumes and weighed the masses of the most distant planets, and increased thereby the stock of human knowledge. Is it creditable to the age that the depths of the sea should remain in the category of unsolved problems? that its 'ooze and bottom' should be a sealed volume, rich with ancient and eloquent legends, and suggestive of many an instructive lesson that might be useful and profitable to man."

Since that time, however, Deep-Sea Dredging has gradually become more and more thoroughly understood and mastered. Recently, when the telegraphic cable which had lain so many months at the bottom of the Atlantic was hauled on board the Great Eastern from enormous depths, men were surprised and almost startled by the narrative. The appearance of the ooze-covered cable as it was slowly raised towards the surface, and the strange thrill which ran through those who saw it and remembered through what mysterious depths it had twice passed; its breaking away almost from the very hands of those who sought to draw it on board; and the successful renewal of the attempt to recover the cable, — all these things, were heard of as one listens to a half-credible tale. Yet when that work was accomplished deep-sea dredging had already been some time a science, and many things had been achieved by its professors which presented, in reality, greater practical difficulties than the recovery of the Atlantic Cable.

Recently, however, deep-sea researches have been carried on with results which are even more sensational, so to speak, than the grappling feat which so surprised us. Seas so deep that many of the loftiest summits of the Alps might be completely buried beneath them have been explored. Dredges weighing with their load of mud nearly half a ton have been hauled up without a hitch from depths of some 14,000 feet. But not merely has comparatively rough work of this sort been achieved, but by a variety of ingenious contrivances men of science have been able to measure the temperature of the sea at depths where the pressure is so enormous as to be equivalent to a weight of more than 430 tons on every square foot of surface.

The results of these researches are even more remarkable and surprising, however, than the means by which they have been obtained. Sir Charles Lyell has fairly

spoken of them as so astonishing "that they have to the geologist almost a revolutionary character." Let us consider a few of them.

No light can be supposed to penetrate to the enormous depths just spoken of. Therefore, how certainly we might conclude that there can be no life, there. If, instead of dealing with the habitability of planets, Whewell, in his "Plurality of Worlds," had been considering the question whether at depths of two or three miles living creatures could subsist, how convincingly would he have proved the absurdity of such a supposition. Intense cold, perfect darkness, and a persistent pressure of two or three tons to the square inch, — such, he might have argued, are the conditions under which life exists, if at all, in those dismal depths. Certainly, even if we were disposed to concede the bare possibility that life of some sort may be found there, then certainly some new sense must replace sight, — the creatures in these depths can assuredly have no eyes, or only rudimentary ones.

But the recent deep-sea dredgings have proved that not only does life exist in the very deepest parts of the Atlantic, but that the beings which live and move and have their beings beneath the three-mile mountain of water have eyes which the ablest naturalists pronounce to be perfectly developed. Light, then, of some sort must exist in those abysses, though whether the home of the deep-sea animals be phosphorescent, as Sir Charles Lyell suggests, or how light may reach these creatures, we have no present means of determining.

If there is one theory which geologists have thought more justly founded than all others, it is the view that the various strata of the earth were formed at different times. A chalk district, for example, lying side by side with a sandstone district, has been referred to a totally different era. Whether the chalk was formed first, or whether the sandstone existed before the minute races came into being which formed the cretaceous stratum, might be a question. But no doubt existed in the minds of geologists that each formation belonged to a distinct period. Now, however, Dr. Carpenter and Professor Thompson may fairly say, "We have changed all this." It has been found that at points of the sea bottom only eight or ten miles apart, there may be in progress the formation of a cretaceous deposit and of a sandstone region, each with its own proper fauna. "Wherever similar conditions are found upon the dry land of the present day," remarks Dr. Carpenter, "it has been supposed that the forma-

tion of chalk and the formation of sandstone must have been separated from each other by long periods, and the discovery that they may actually co-exist upon adjacent surfaces has done no less than strike at the very root of the customary assumptions with regard to geological time."

Even more interesting, perhaps, to many, are the results which have been obtained respecting the varying temperatures of deep-sea regions. The peculiarity just considered is, indeed, a consequence of such variations; but the fact itself is at least as interesting as the consequences which flow from it. It throws light on the long-standing controversy respecting the oceanic circulation. It has been found that the depths of the equatorial and tropical seas are colder than those of the North Atlantic. In the tropics the deep-sea temperature is considerably below the freezing-point of fresh water, in the deepest part of the Bay of Biscay the temperature is several degrees above the freezing-point. Thus one learns that the greater part of the water which lies deep below the surface of the equatorial and tropical seas comes from the Antarctic regions, though undoubtedly there are certain relatively narrow currents which carry the waters of the Arctic seas to the tropics. The great point to notice is that the water under the equatorial seas must really have travelled from polar regions. A cold of 30 degrees can be explained in no other way. We see at once, therefore, the explanation of those westerly equatorial currents which have been so long a subject of contest. Sir John Herschel failed to prove that they are due to the trade winds, but Maury failed equally to prove that they are due to the great warmth and consequent buoyancy of the equatorial waters. In fact, while Maury showed very convincingly that the great system of oceanic circulation is carried on *despite* the winds, Herschel proved in an equally convincing manner that the overflow conceived by Maury should result in an easterly instead of a westerly current. Recently the theory was put forward that the continual process of evaporation going on in the equatorial regions leads to an indraught of cold water in bottom-currents from the polar seas. Such currents coming *towards* the equator, that is, travelling from latitudes where the earth's eastwardly motion is less to latitudes in which that motion is greater, would lag behind, that is, would have a westwardly motion. It seems now placed beyond a doubt that this is the true explanation of the equatorial ocean-currents.

Such are a few, and but a few, among the many interesting results which have followed from the recent researches of Dr. Carpenter and Professor Thomson, in the hitherto little-known depths of the great sea.

From The Saturday Review.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT WEST.*

MR. PARKMAN is already favourably known by his books on *The Pioneers of France in the New World*, and *The Jesuits in North America*. The work now before us is the result of further exploration in the same interesting field of inquiry. It is founded in a great degree upon documents preserved in the French archives, many of which, he tells us, have been discovered by the "indefatigable research of M. Pierre Margry." From them and from private sources he has been able to put together a new and vivid picture of a neglected corner of history. The result is well worth the labour. The adventures of the French explorers in America do not indeed possess the interest which attaches to the foundation of an enduring empire. They have perished, and their works have followed them. The French names still remain in remote parts of the continent as an enduring testimony to the enterprise and skill of the early discoverers. French accents may still be heard, as Mr. Parkman tells us, on the lips of some straggling boatman or vagabond half-breed in the Western rivers; but that mighty empire which was to fill the vast plains of the West has vanished like a dream. The descendants of the English colonists who in the seventeenth century occupied only the narrow rim of land along the shores of the Atlantic have won the splendid prize which tempted the ambition of the daring Frenchmen; and therefore the efforts here recorded may be consigned to forgetfulness amongst the many enterprises which have only resulted in a waste of human energy. Yet if we regard, not the consequences, but the intrinsic merit of their actions, it must be admitted that the French explorers have good claims upon our attention. There are few more striking stories of their kind than those which record the gallantry and far-reaching schemes destined in the end to so complete a failure. The events described by Mr. Parkman fall within the twenty years from 1670 to 1690, and

laid the foundation of a scheme of policy pursued with much apparent chance of success until the Seven Years' War put a final stop to French hopes of deciding the future of America.

The great hero of Mr. Parkman's present volume is Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle. He sailed for Canada in the spring of 1666, in the hope partly of making his fortune, and partly of extending the influence of France throughout the North American continent. Thwarted at every step by the jealousy of his companions and the intrinsic difficulties of his enterprise, his life was doomed to a constant series of such disappointments as have attended almost all the great explorers from Columbus downwards. Yet it must be admitted that his schemes, if rather too daring, had in them many elements of success. The Jesuits had already penetrated along the line of the great Lakes into the heart of the North-western wilderness. Their dream was to found another Paraguay in North America, where they might exercise a despotic sway amidst the rude Indian tribes, over whom, with characteristic skill and zeal, they had established a remarkable influence. They were exceedingly jealous of the adventurers who pressed into their territory, whether in the hope of commercial gain, or impelled by rival missionary zeal. But their efforts had made the path easier for those against whose intrusion they protested. La Salle, supported by the Canadian Government, suggested a grand scheme for the extension of French influence. His plan was to push forwards French settlements into the heart of the country; to build forts at all points offering natural advantages, round which the Indian tribes might be collected to pay a kind of feudal obedience to the foreign intruders, and hence to penetrate down the Mississippi and found a new colony in the present State of Louisiana. Once in possession of this commanding position, the French would occupy the enormous stretch of fertile lands in the centre of the continent, and the English be limited to the narrow belt on the east of the Alleghanies. Beside the immediate commercial advantages and the empire in prospect, La Salle hoped to open a new route to the East, and thus to anticipate the result which is now being realized by the opening of the Pacific Railway. According to the geographical views then prevalent, the Mississippi flowed into the Gulf of California, and thus there would be a route almost entirely by water from the St. Lawrence to the Pacific. One of the early explorers provided himself, in view of this contingency, with a robe of Chinese dam-

* *The Discovery of the Great West*. By Francis Parkman. London: John Murray. 1868.

ask, embroidered with birds and flowers, and in this appropriate costume, and with a pistol in each hand, struck no little amazement into the tribe of the Winnebagoes on the shores of Lake Michigan. The passage to the East was defeated by the obstinacy of the Mississippi in following the shortest route to the sea, and thereby getting on to the wrong side of Mexico. But the dream of a mighty American empire seemed for a time to be in process of realization. On the 9th of April, 1682, La Salle stood proudly at a point of land somewhere near the mouth of the Mississippi, and with due military ceremonies, volleys of musketry, and singing of *Te Deums*, proclaimed "in the name of the most high, mighty, invincible, and victorious prince, Louis the Great, by the grace of God King of France and of Navarre," that he took possession of Louisiana, and "all the nations, peoples, provinces, cities, towns, villages, mines, minerals, fisheries, streams, and rivers" included within the valley of the River Colbert or Mississippi. On the strength of having navigated a few canoes from the Illinois to the sea, he thus appropriated the whole region from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, and from the sources of its rivers to the Gulf of Mexico. If ceremonies had a magic influence the dominions of the great Louis would have received by that one proclamation an accession of empire such as no sovereign has ever enjoyed. Unluckily for him, there were other people to be consulted besides the wandering tribes of Indian hunters before the theoretical possessions could pass into a fact. So far, indeed, as the sentiments of the original inhabitants were regarded, La Salle had considerable advantages. The French have always shown a capacity for dealing with the Indians on other principles than those of our simple English system of killing and taking possession.

There is a ludicrous side, it is true, to some of the missionary reports of the time. When we read of a priest meeting a tribe of naked savages, and expounding to them by signs the mysteries of our faith, with complete satisfaction in the result, we fancy that the process cannot have had much more reality than the visionary claims to empire in the name of Louis XIV. We read of one Allouez, a Jesuit, who found a war party of Foxes just starting. He told them the story of Constantine and the cross. They were so much impressed by it that they daubed the figure of a cross on their shields of bull-hide, and returned victorious, declaring that the sacred symbol was a great war medicine. "Thus it is,"

says the chronicler, "that our holy faith is established amongst these people; and we have good hope that we shall soon carry it to the famous river called the Mississippi, and perhaps even to the South Sea." Yet, imperfectly as the Indians appear to have appreciated Christian doctrines, they learnt very well the lesson of respect for the preachers. The influence of the spiritual teachers was well supported by the secular rulers. La Salle especially seems to have had a remarkable power of conciliating the respect of the natives. They gathered beneath the walls of the forts which he erected; they followed him faithfully, and gave him material aid in his various enterprises, and from the Lakes to the Gulf he passed uninjured, with a small band of companions, amongst ferocious and, as it is asserted, often cannibal tribes. The English had the one advantage that they were able to supply the Indians more easily with rum and other goods in return for furs. They thus succeeded in stimulating the Iroquois to make a fierce and exterminating inroad on the tribes subject to French influence, and by so doing gave a serious check to La Salle's most daring enterprise. If, however, the future of the continent had depended upon the good-will of a few barbarous, scattered, and declining aborigines, the French supremacy would have been permanently established. Depending, as it did, upon such frail support, it crumbled to pieces before the more irregular and haphazard advances of the independent English colonists. Yet up to the final occupation of Canada, we find great dread expressed by competent English observers of the system by which the French were able to maintain their hold on the plains and forests of the West.

La Salle was less successful in his management of his European followers. Like many men of indomitable strength of will, he was often guilty of arrogance and harshness towards his subordinates. His companions, too, were for the most part men of the roving and independent tastes that are fostered by life in the forest. They had an amazing propensity to desert him, in order to wander off into the woods and amalgamate with the ferocious and idle savages by whom they were surrounded. Civilized man has enough of the barbarous instinct left within him to come to life under favourable circumstances, and the trappers and *coueurs de bois* of Canada seem to have a special facility for adopting savage manners. The Jesuits, too, were constantly jealous of the commercial adventurer who was bringing the outside world

on his tracks, and did him, or were believed to have done him, a good many ill turns in an underhand way. The Government was not always inclined to support him. His creditors — for his expenses were enormous — had a most unpoetical disregard for romantic plans which threatened to make very distant returns. When he at last received the means for an expedition on a sufficient scale from the French Government at home, its success was utterly ruined by the jealousy, and possibly the treachery, of the naval officer associated with him. And thus, at last, after most daring expeditions, after long wanderings on foot through hostile tribes and snow-covered forests, after building ships at a distance from all resources only to have them cast away in storms or deserted by cowardly followers, after raising forts which were seized by his creditors or swept by Iroquois invasions — after, in short, undergoing with amazing perseverance all the dangers and sufferings of life in a savage wilderness — he was finally murdered by some of his men during a desperate attempt to escape from his deserted colony and force a way overland from Texas to Canada.

Besides La Salle, Mr. Parkman has to describe several supplementary heroes, especially the amiable and pious Marquette,

who was the first to reach the Mississippi since its discovery, a century earlier, by De Soto, to descend it to somewhere below the Arkansas, and afterwards to re-ascend it in a frail canoe; and the bragging, lying, courageous, and amusing friar Hennepin, who supplies the comic element of the book, and who, after strange adventures with an Indian tribe, whose chief first proposed to eat him, and after many dismal howlings decided to adopt him as a son, returned to Europe, and succeeded by a most audacious literary forgery in becoming a popular author, and for a time appropriating the merit of La Salle's discoveries. Mr. Parkman tells the story with great spirit, and in an excellent style; his own experience amongst the savage descendants of La Salle's Indians enables him to add many characteristic sketches of scenery and manners; and we may safely say that the book is worthy of his previous claims to a very high place amongst writers on American history. We shall look forward with much interest to the next volume which he promises, devoted to the later attempts of the French to establish a permanent power on the continent, and to the career of Frontenac, the able and energetic Governor of Canada at a critical period of its history.

ACCOUNT OF A GIPSY TENT. — A long, low tent, about twenty feet in length, and not more than seven feet in height, and of the same height and breadth from one end to the other. The frame was made of strong hoops placed pretty closely together, with strengthening girders between; it was well covered with good Scotch blankets, which had once been, the gipsy told me, as "white as the driven snow," but which were now brown and weather-stained. A kind of division was made across the middle of the tent. In the front was a space answering to the kitchen and family sitting-room, the centre of which was occupied by a large convenient brazier, filled with glowing charcoal; this had a circular shake-down of straw, perfectly fresh and clean, surrounding it. The further portion of the tent contained a bed, resting on the ground, but piled high with mattresses, and covered with rugs and blankets of the most brilliant colours, scarlet, amber, and blue; two or three boxes, also covered with gorgeous rugs; a set of china richly painted, and a silver tea service; a parrot in a ludicrous brass cage; a picture or two; and a real Christmas-tree, with its ordinary accompaniments of oranges and sweetmeats suspended to its decorated branches.

A pretty lamp, which hung from the middle of the low roof, shed a brilliant light upon all; while the charcoal fire made the tent even warmer than was desirable on a mild winter's night. The occupants were two only, a widow and her unmarried daughter, who was a handsome and graceful young woman of seven-and-twenty, expressing a lofty contempt for the men of her tribe, and informing us that she put up and took down their large tent alone, without their aid. These two possessed, besides their tent, a caravan, and the mother held a license as travelling hawker. The daughter was sitting cross-legged on the straw, with a very large earthenware bowl before her, where she was mixing the ingredients for the Christmas pudding, which seemed likely to be of incredible proportions for a family of two, as she was stoning three pounds of raisins for it. Both were busy, and evidently not in a mood for fortune-telling, or possibly they did not consider us worthy of any exercise of their powers. Very courteous they were, with a finer sort of dignity in their manner than many an English lady would show under a similar infliction — the visit of perfect strangers at a domestic crisis. — *Dickens's "All the Year Round."*

From The Spectator.
MISS MITFORD'S LIFE.*

THE interest of these volumes is twofold, — personal and literary. Miss Mitford's life, as mournful as it was beautiful, is more deserving of remembrance than any of her writings. It exhibits a spirit of self-sacrifice, of filial devotion — and, shall we add, of filial delusion? which is to most of us almost past understanding. Dr. Mitford, her father, a man "utterly selfish at heart, and incapable of sacrificing the slightest inclination of his own for the welfare of his wife, or even of his daughter," — having, as a young man, wasted his own patrimony, — married a rich heiress, squandered all her property in play within eight or nine years of their marriage, — gained a lottery prize of £20,000 (which, by the way, belonged not to himself, but to his only child), dissipated this fortune as he had dissipated the former, and was finally contented to live a life of entire dependence upon the literary earnings of his daughter. Strange to say, this wretched father, whose sole virtues seem to have been a handsome face and agreeable manners, possessed the unflinching love both of his daughter and his wife, neither of whom ever complained of the man who had destroyed the prospects of one and the happiness of both. To administer to his comforts, to find money for his follies, to prevent his feeling any of the annoyance of straightened circumstances, this seems to have been the sole aim of Miss Mitford's life. It is a strange story. From a school-girl the child lived on terms of curious familiarity with her parents, to whom she uses the cossetting terms of endearment a father might bestow upon a child or a young husband on his wife. It reminds us of the "little language" which Swift used to Stella. "She calls Dr. Mitford her "dear old Tod," her "itney boy," her "best beloved darling," her "dear Dodo," and so on; and at the very time when she learnt that the family was entirely ruined by his folly, she tells him "the world does not contain so proud, so happy, or so fond a daughter." And this, severe as was her struggle for existence, seems to have been the feeling to the last. Once indeed she remarks, in later life, when worn out by pecuniary anxiety, that she cannot describe her father's absolute inertness, "obstinacy of going on in the same way;" and at another time she hopes "there is no want of duty in my wishing him to contribute his

efforts with mine to our support" (which efforts, we may observe, in parenthesis, were never made). But these were but transient feelings, past apparently as soon as uttered, while her prevailing feeling was one of unquestioning faith in his "thousand virtues." It was well for her own comfort that she was thus blinded, for no one could have felt more keenly the hardships of a literary life.

"I consider the being forced to this drudgery," she writes, "as the greatest misery that life can afford. But it is my wretched fate, and must be undergone, so long, at least, as my father is spared to me. If I should have the misfortune to lose him, I shall go quietly to the workhouse, and never write another line, a far preferable destiny." Again, she writes, under the pressure of physical pain, "Women were not meant to earn the bread of a family. I am sure of that, — there is a want of strength;" and again, with a pathos that is very touching, "If you knew all that I have gone through this winter alone, day after day, week after week, you would wonder that I am still left to cumber the earth. Nothing could bear up under it but the love that is mercifully given to the object of anxiety, — such love as the mother bears to her sickly babe." The story of Charles Lamb amusing his childish father at the card-table immediately after the dreadful tragedy which darkened his life, is scarcely more affecting than Miss Mitford's tale of how her father, who liked no one to read to him but herself, occupied those hours which on his account ought to have been devoted to work, and how, when debts accumulate in consequence, she attributes all the blame to her own "want of energy." Nothing seemed more melancholy to her than the lives of authors, but she was too loving a daughter to confess even to herself that all the melancholy of her own lot as a woman of letters was due to the sins of a spendthrift and a gambler. In the preface to *Belford Regis* the author disclaims, honestly enough no doubt, all individual portrait-painting. Yet we can scarcely doubt that some thoughts of her father must have passed through her mind in drawing the character of Nat Kinlay. Whether she knew it or not, and it is just possible she was not aware of the likeness, the verisimilitude is striking.

Miss Mitford's literary career was neither obscure nor unprofitable. Her popularity was great, her friends included some of the best and noblest in the land, her books and dramas were extraordinarily successful. Some of her early poems were revised by

* *The Life of Mary Russell Mitford, related in a Selection from her Letters to her Friends.* Edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. 3 vols. London: Bentley, 1869.

Coleridge, and proved "very popular," her plays drew full houses, and both Charles Kemble and Macready were eager to retain her services. She was tossed about between them, she writes, like a cricket-ball; in 1835, *Our Village* had passed through fourteen large editions in England, and nearly as many in America; and through her writings, in a degree that rarely happens, she not only won reputation, but the esteem and love of many to whom otherwise she would have remained unknown. Assuredly, if the literary profession has its drawbacks, it has its compensations also. Fame is dear even to women, and Miss Mitford possessed too healthy a nature to be indifferent to its delights.

The best kind of biography, says Miss Mitford, is that of letters connected by a slight narrative, and in this manner she is made to tell her life-story in these volumes. The correspondence, which commences with the beginning of the century and terminates in 1855, abounds with delightful literary gossip and personal reminiscences. The style, we need scarcely say, is admirable—simple, unaffected, and idiomatic; the bits of rural description remind us of *Our Village* and the remarks on books and men are, for the most part, generous and discriminating. Such a book allures us on from page to page with a curious fascination. Every moment the eye is attracted by a familiar name, or by a criticism that compels attention, by some pleasant thought or amusing anecdote, and it may be safely said that there is not one tedious chapter in the three volumes.

Miss Mitford accumulated a large library, and we suspect that among her six thousand books might have been found a vast number of presentation copies, for she alludes in one letter to receiving books daily by the post. She had the habit of running over almost every work of note that was published, and the passion for reading, like that for flowers, was in full strength all her life through. When she was nineteen she is said to have read fifty-five volumes in thirty-one days, and when she was past sixty her talk was still of books in every letter, and in one of the latest we find her reading and enjoying the old novels loved in her youth. "I remembered a library in Bristol rich in such rarities, and got a friend to ask for some and hire them for me. The bookseller, finding who wanted them, wrote me a charming letter, putting his whole stock at my disposal; I never read so graceful a note. Since then I have been revelling in old associations and good English." Her warm admiration of old

English poets and dramatists tempered her enthusiasm for the works of modern writers, indeed, it is doubtful whether she ever fully appreciated the literature of her contemporaries. To their faults she was sensitively alive, and with all her good-nature she is sometimes a little sarcastic in her comments about books and people. "*Jacqueline*," she writes, "is like everything belonging to Mr. Rogers (except himself), exceedingly pretty." Of *Waverley* she considered the style abominable, and asserted that there was not in the whole book one single page of pure and vernacular English. Lady Byron received too much sympathy, she said. The man's vices were public, and why therefore did she marry him but to partake his celebrity? "She has now the comfort of being 'interesting' in the eyes of all men, and 'exemplary' in the mouths of all women; she has, moreover—and even I, spinster as I am, can feel that *this* must be solid consolation—she has, moreover, the delight of hating her husband, to the admiration and edification of the whole world." Again, she writes, "The Wordsworths never dine, you know, they hate such doings; when they are hungry, they go to the cupboard and eat." *Uncle Tom's Cabin* she could not read, but stopped short at a hundred pages: it was "so painful, so exaggerated." Dickens, who "cannot write good English," is meretricious in sentiment; and she did not like Miss Martineau's political-economy tales, having "an aversion to do-me-good books in general and to political economy in particular." She had a foolish dislike of science, of which she speaks with feminine ignorance and contempt. "Don't, dear, write to me about science; I never can understand what scientific people mean; and I used to pose poor dear Captain Kater and to shock scientific ladies by asking what good it did; for really I never could make out." Very feminine, too, but as graceful as it is womanly, is Miss Mitford's ardent passion for flowers. Literature was her business, the cultivation of flowers her recreation, and no one ever pursued it with a keener sense of enjoyment. She had her reward; and in the soothing, quiet pleasures of the garden forgot for a time the perplexities of her life. "I place flowers," she writes, "in the very first rank of simple pleasures, and I have no very good opinion of the hard, worldly people who take no delight in them." She relates with evident gusto how gardeners are constantly calling plants after her; how a dahlia under her name is selling at ten guineas a root, how she herself obtained twenty guineas for a seedling;

that she has three hundred different sorts of geraniums, and "shall be magnificent in dahlias, having one hundred and eight of the very finest known." Here is a pretty picture of her garden:—

"I should not omit, when reckoning up my felicities just now, to tell you that my little garden is a perfect rosary,—the greenest and most blossomy nook that ever the sun shone upon. It is almost shut in by buildings; one a long open shed, very pretty, a sort of rural arcade, where we sit. On the other side is an old granary, to which we mount by outside wooden steps, also very pretty. Then there is an opening to a little court, also backed by buildings, but with room enough to let in the sunshine, the north-west sunshine, that comes aslant in summer evenings through and under a large elder tree. One end is closed by our pretty irregular cottage, which, as well as the granary, is covered by cherry trees, vines, roses, jessamine, honeysuckle, and grand spires of hollyhocks. The other is comparatively open, showing over high pales the blue sky, and a range of woody hills. All and every part is untrimmed, antique, weather-stained, and homely as can be imagined,—gratifying the eye by its exceeding picturesqueness, and the mind by the certainty that no pictorial effect was intended, that it owes all its charms to 'rare accident.'"

Take another sunny garden picture, as seen from the top of a hay-rick:—

"Ben having said that half the parish had mounted on a hayrick close by to look at the garden, which lies beneath it (an acre of flowers rich in colour as a painter's palette), I could not resist the sight of the ladder, and one evening, when all the men were away, climbed up to take myself a view of my flowery domain. I wish you could see it! Masses of the Siberian larkspur, and sweet williams, mostly double, the still brighter new larkspur (*Delphinium Chinensis*), rich as an Oriental butterfly—such a size, and such a blue!—amongst roses in millions, with the blue and white Canterbury bells (also double), and the white foxglove, and the variegated monkshood, the carnine pea, in its stalwart beauty, the nemophila, like the sky above its head, the new erysimum, with its gay orange tuft, hundreds of lesser annuals, and fuchsias, zinnias, salvias, geraniums, past compt; so bright are the flowers, that the green really does not predominate amongst them!"

On the whole, this autobiographical memoir will afford delightful entertainment to most readers. The staple commodity is gossip such as only a clever, lively, sensitive woman could write. Miss Mitford's tastes and knowledge were confined within a comparatively narrow range. She had never travelled, she was almost wholly self-educated; she was not a strong thinker or a powerful writer, yet there are few women

of our day whose memory will be more affectionately cherished, and few writers of fiction who have earned a reputation so honourable and consistent. It would be absurd to call Miss Mitford a great novelist, as absurd as to call her a great tragedian; but in her own simple line, as a teller of village tales, and a prose describer of rural scenery, she has rarely, we think, been equalled. Novel-readers require stronger food nowadays than she can provide for them, and tales that may be read with the most absolute placidity are liable to be voted tame; yet there is a literary grace, a breezy freshness, a delightful womanliness in *Belford Regis* and in *Our Village* which will always attract readers whose taste has not been spoilt by sensational fiction. The latter work especially is one which would have delighted Cowper, and as a picture of English rural life it will, we think, retain its place when many more pretentious works are forgotten. It is not a book to borrow, but to possess, not a book to read straight through, but to enjoy daintily at leisure moments.

One word as to the manner in which the *Life* has been edited. The task was no light one for, as Miss Mitford jocosely observes, no one but an unraveller of State cyphers can possibly transcribe her letters; and Mr. Harness, one of her executors, whose recent loss at a ripe old age breaks off another of the links which unite the literary workmen of to-day with the famous men who flourished at the beginning of the century, relates that not only was the writing illegible, but many of the most interesting letters were written on unfolded envelopes, fly-leaves of books, or any odd scraps of paper that came readiest to hand. Moreover, there was hardly a letter in which some circumstance, or anecdote, or opinion that occurred in it, was not repeated in a second or a third. So it was not only necessary to decipher, but to select, and the labour appears to have been performed with judgment. One or two faults strike us. Sometimes the narrative which connects the correspondence is too slight, sometimes the want of explanatory notes forces us to guess when we should like to know, and sometimes we are a little surprised at the publication of remarks upon living men and women, justifiable enough in private correspondence, but scarcely justifiable in print. We imagine that Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Kingsley, and other well-known persons, will be scarcely pleased with the familiar manner, friendly though it be, in which they are spoken of in these pages.